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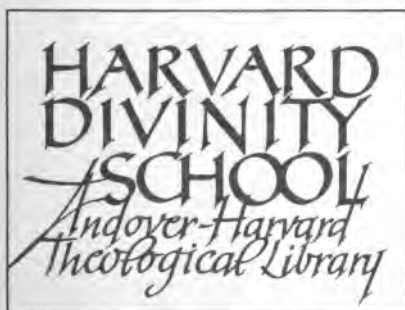
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THE

HYMNS OF PROGRESS:

BEING A COMPILATION,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT,

OF

HYMNS, SONGS, AND READINGS,

DESIGNED

TO MEET A PART OF THE PROGRESSIVE WANTS OF
THE AGE IN CHURCH, GROVE, HALL,
LYCEUM, AND SCHOOL.

BY LEVI K. COONLEY.

Bird of the realm of flowers,
Come, let us hear
Songs from the spirit-bowers,
Giving good cheer;
Cheering our weary hours,
Where'er we roam, —
Angel-bird, angel-bird, sing of our home.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY WM. WHITE & CO.

158 WASHINGTON STREET.

1864.

~~122 1/2.43~~



Solier fund

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1864,

By LEVI K. COONLEY,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of
Massachusetts.

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REASONS FOR PUBLISHING THE “HYMNS OF PROGRESS.”

THIS little aid to melody is offered to the public at this time to supply, in part, a want, and not as a claim for literary merit.

In travelling for the last seven years in various sections of our country, and attending Progressive Meetings, the want of more general singing to produce a *oneness* of feeling has been very apparent. When offering, in such places, the works having the music attached, the reply often comes, “We are not acquainted with music; give us a book of Hymns and Songs without music, adapted to familiar tunes and well-known metres, of convenient size and comparatively low in price, and we should like it better.” On the other hand, many of the Leaders of Choirs say they prefer the words separate from the music, and in large-sized type; that they choose to select for themselves the music adapted to the words to be used; that very frequently the words to be sung, as they wish, are in one part of the book and the music in another, so that two books become necessary.

This work is issued to meet, in part, these deficiencies.

Select Readings at the commencement and closing of meetings is a common practice, and gives a variety of exercises that cannot well be dispensed with in the present demands of society.

The selections here given are chaste in expression, and generally refining and elevating in moral tone, whether in Hymns, Songs, or Readings.

When any of the words have been taken from copy-righted works with music, the author's name is given, and reference made to where the music or work containing it can be obtained, so as to give a wide-extended notice of such publication.

The price will always be as low as the times will allow.

THE COMPILER.

DEDICATION.

TO THE MANY FRIENDS

IN VARIOUS SECTIONS OF OUR MUCH
LOVED COUNTRY WHO SO FREELY OFFER "WELCOME HOMES"

TO MYSELF AND WIFE, AND OTHERS,

OFTEN WEARY PIONEERS IN THE ANGEL-CAUSE OF ELEVATING
THE CONDITION OF MANKIND, PHYSICALLY
AND SPIRITUALLY,

This humble Tribute is affectionately Inscribed,

WITH GRATITUDE INEXPRESSIBLE.

LEVI K. COONLEY.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS., 1884.

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THE
HYMNS OF PROGRESS.

COMMON METRE.

STAND FOR THE RIGHT.

BE firm, be bold, be strong, be true,
And dare to stand alone ;
Strive for the right, what e'er you do,
Though helpers there are none.

2 Stand for the right ! Though falsehood rail,
And proud lips coldly sneer ;
A poisoned arrow cannot wound,
A conscience pure and clear.

3 Stand for the right ! and with clean hands
Exalt the truth on high ;
Thou'lt find warm sympathizing hearts
Among the passers-by.

4 Stand for the right ! Proclaim it loud !
Thou'lt find an echo tone
From honest hearts, and thou'lt no more
Be doomed to stand alone.

ALL NATURE IS DIVINE.

Arranged by L. E. Coonley.

I WANDERED out one summer night,
 'Twas when my years were few —
 The breeze was singing in the light,
 And I was singing too.
 The moonbeams lay upon the hill,
 The shadows in the vale,
 And here and there a leaping rill
 Was laughing in the gale.

2 The waves came dancing o'er the sea
 In bright and glittering bands ;
 Like little children, wild with glee,
 They linked their dimpled hands, —
 They linked their hands — but e'er I caught
 Their sprinkled drops of dew,
 They kissed my feet and quick as thought
 Away the ripples flew.

3 The leaves, by spirit voices stirred,
 Made murmurs on the air, —
 Low murmurs, that my spirit heard,
 And answered with a prayer ;
 For 'twas upon the dewy sod
 Beside the moaning seas,
 I learned at first to worship God,
 And sing such strains as these.

4 The flowers, all folded to their dreams,
 Were bowed in slumber free,
 By breezy hills and murmuring streams
 Where'er they chanced to be.
 No guilty tears had they to weep ;
 No sins to be forgiven ;
 They closed their eyes, and went to sleep,
 Right, in the face of heaven.

- 5 I heard the laughing wind behind,
 A playing with my hair —
 The breezy fingers of the wind,
 How cool and moist they were !
 I'd give the world for their sweet art,
 So simple so divine ;
 I'd give the world to melt one heart
 As they have melted mine.

UNION WITH OUR FRIENDS ABOVE.

From Wesleyan Sacred Harp, page 117.

- COME let us join our friends above,
 That have obtained the prize ;
 And on the eagle wings of love
 To joys celestial rise.
 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
 With those to glory gone ;
 For all the servants of our King,
 In earth and heaven are one.
- 2 One family we dwell in Him,
 One church above beneath ;
 Though now divided by the stream, —
 The narrow stream of death.
 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow ;
 Part of his host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.
- 8 Ten thousand to their endless home
 This solemn moment fly ;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And we expect to die.
 His militant embodied host,
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to see that happy coast,
 And reach the heavenly land.

ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS I STAND.

- ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
O the transporting rapturous scene
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 2 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow ;
There rock and hill, and brook and vale,
With beauties ever glow.
All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 3 No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?
- 4 Filled with delight my raptured soul,
Would here no longer stay ;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.
There on those high and flowery plains
Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;
But in perpetual, joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST.

Neumann.

- T**HERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To weary wanderers given ;
 There is a joy for those distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast ;
 'Tis surely found in Heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven ;
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear, but heaven.
- 3 There Faith lifts up the tearless eye,
 To brighter prospects given ;
 It views the tempest passing by,
 Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene — in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom :
 Beyond the dark, the narrow tomb,
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

SPEAK KINDLY.

- A** LITTLE word in kindness said,
 A motion or a tear,
 Has often healed the heart that's sad,
 And made a friend sincere.
- 2 A word, a look, has crushed to earth,
 Full many a budding flower ;
 Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
 Would bless life's darkest hour.
- 3 Then deem it not an idle thing,
 A pleasant word to speak ;
 The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
 A heart may heal or break.

LOVE THE SECRET PRAYER.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
 From every cumbering care,
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.

- 2 I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear,
 And all His promises to plead
 Where God and angels hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore ;
 And all my cares and sorrows cast
 On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
 The prospect doth my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR.

WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies ;
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurled ;
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall ;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.

- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
-

HOPE.

- HOPE, like an angel from the skies,
Speaks in hallowed voice ;
Her flowery paths we love to tread,
And o'er their scenes rejoice.
When the waves upon life's sea
Roll high and spread alarm,
'Tis hope that, like a Saviour, bids
The angry waves be calm.
- 2 How throbs the heart in childhood's days
With hope's effulgent beams ;
How, when these early days are gone,
They seem like sweetest dreams.
Oh hope, thou art our blessed guide,
On thee we all rely
To lead us through these checkered scenes,
To cheer us till we die.
-

WHY DO WE SIN ?

- WHY should we spend so many days
In folly and in sin ?
When wisdom shows her pleasant ways,
And bids us walk therein ?
- 2 Folly and sin our peace destroy ;
They glitter and are past ;
They yield us but a moment's joy,
And end in naught at last.
- 3 But if true wisdom we possess,
Our joys shall never cease ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

REVELATION.

- T**HERE is a hope, a blessed hope,
 More precious and more bright
 Than all the joyless mockery
 The world esteems delight.
- 2 There is a star, a lovely star,
 That lights the darkest gloom ;
 And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
 The prospects of the tomb.
- 3 There is a voice, a cheering voice,
 That lifts the soul above ;
 Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,
 And whispers, " God is love."
- 4 That voice, aloud from wisdom's height,
 Proclaims the soul forgiven ;
 That star is revelation's light ;
 That hope, the hope of heaven.

SPIRIT LONGINGS.

- O** FOR a breeze of heavenly love
 To waft our souls away
 To that celestial place above
 Where pleasures ne'er decay.
- 2 Come holy Spirit, deign to be
 Our pilot here below,
 To steer through life's tempestuous sea,
 When stormy winds do blow.
- 3 From rocks of pride on either hand,
 From quicksands of despair,
 Oh guide us safe to Canaan's land,
 Through every latent snare.
- 4 Anchor us in that port above,
 On that celestial shore,
 Where dashing billows never move,
 Where tempests never roar.

BEWARE OF CARELESS WORDS.

BEWARE, beware of careless words,
 They have a fearful power,
 And jar upon the spirit's chords
 Through many a weary hour.

- 2 Though not designed to give us pain,
 Though but a random word,
 Remembrance bringeth back again
 What once our bosoms stirred.
- 3 They haunt us through the toilsome day,
 And through the lonely night,
 And rise to cloud the spirit's ray
 When all beside is bright.
- 4 Though from the mind, and with the breath
 Which gave them, they have flown,
 Yet wormwood, gall, and even death,
 May dwell in every tone.
- 5 And burning tears can well attest,
 A sentence lightly framed
 May linger, cankering, in the breast,
 At which it first was aimed.
- 6 Oh, could my prayers indeed be heard,
 Might I the past live o'er,
 I'd guard against a careless word,
 E'en though I spoke no more.

GOD'S LOVE IS EVERYWHERE.

THERE'S not a tint that paints the rose,
 Or decks the lily fair;
 Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
 But God has placed it there.

- 2 There's not of grass a single blade,
 Or leaf of loveliest green,
 Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
 And heavenly wisdom seen.

- 3 There's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But heaven gave it birth.
- 4 There's not a place on earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.
- 5 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

- T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 Could we but stand where Jesus stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Could fright us from the shore.

HEARKEN TO THE INNER VOICE.

- L**ET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.
- 3 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die ;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 4 Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows
In floods of truth divine.
- 5 The happy gates of gospel peace
Stand open night and day ;
And all may come and get supplies,
To drive their wants away.

THE PATH OF VIRTUE.

By P. H. Sweetser.

- I**F others spend their youthful days
In ignorance and crime,
We'll walk in wisdom's pleasant ways,
And paths of folly shun.
If others toil for wealth and fame,
That vanish in an hour ;
Give us the riches of the mind,
We'll envy them no more.
- 2 While we have life, and health, and home,
And friends and kindred dear,
We'll not forget the poor, who roam ;
Nor friends nor home to cheer.
Our God, our father, and our friend,
Teach us to know thy ways ;
And when on earth our days shall end,
In heaven to sing thy praise !

THE HEAVENLY GATES ARE OPENED.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
 And chant the joyous lay ;
 Hope, love, and gratitude combine,
 To hail the auspicious day.
 In heaven the rapturous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Through all the shining legions ran,
 And strung and tuned the lyre.

- 2 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
 And loud the echo rolled ;
 The theme, the song, the joy was new, —
 'Twas more than heaven could hold.
 Down through the portals of the sky
 The impetuous torrent ran ;
 And angels flew, with eager joy,
 To bear the news to man.

DELIGHT.

Contributed by S. W. Tucker, of Bucksport, Maine.

WHAT heavenly bliss will soon be mine,
 Ere earthly toils are o'er ;
 I'll fly to that eternal clime,
 Where sorrow comes no more.

- 2 My longing soul will soon unloose
 The bonds that bind it here ;
 And in that land will I repose,
 Where drops no falling tear.
- 3 A mansion bright as rubies are,
 Forever shall be mine ;
 And on my brow that guiding star
 Eternally will shine.
- 4 These transient scenes no more allure
 My spirit here below ;
 I long to reach my home so pure, —
 That home devoid of woe.

JOY TO THE WORLD.

- JOY to the world ! the Lord is come !
 Let earth receive her king ;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world ! the Saviour reigns !
 Let men their songs employ ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 He rules the world with truth and grace ;
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

BLISS.

Contributed by S. W. Tucker, Bucksport, Maine.

- HARK ! what sweet voices do I hear
 Approaching us to-night ?
 They seem more heavenly as they near ;
 They fill me with delight.
- 2 I've heard them oft, and still I hear
 Their accents soft and low ;
 They come to wipe the falling tear,
 As through this world we go.
- 3 'Tis angel voices that I hear,
 I recognize them now ;
 They've come from heaven's immortal sphere,
 Rich truths in us to sow.
- 4 'Tis earthly ties attract them here,
 From their bright homes above ;
 Then why should we despond or fear,
 While meriting their love ?
- 5 They'll guide our earthly steps aright,
 If we their teachings heed ;
 And lead us where there is no night,
 Our hungry souls to feed.

THE ONENESS OF MIND AND MATTER.

- T**HE glorious universe around,
 The heavens with all their train ;
 Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
 In one mysterious chain.
- 2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
 To form one world agree ;
 Where all that walk or swim or fly,
 Compose one family.
- 3 God in creation thus displays
 His wisdom and his might ;
 While all his works, with all his ways,
 Harmoniously unite.
- 4 In one fraternal bond of love,
 One fellowship of mind,
 The saints below, and saints above,
 Their bliss and glory find.

HEAVENLY COMMUNION.

- S**WEET are the ties that bind in one,
 The family above ;
 For through their hearts the raptures run,
 Of God's eternal love.
- 2 There everlasting spring unfolds
 The flowers of every clime ;
 And every form the mind beholds,
 Is beauteous and sublime.
- 3 God's love is glory in the sky,
 And music in the air ;
 And every breath is melody,
 And every thought is prayer.
- 4 No self contracts the ardent breast,
 No thought of mine or thine ;
 But those in beauty crown the rest,
 Whose hearts are most divine.

- 5 These are the angel-friends who come,
When night is calm and still,
With visions of their blessed home,
Our quickened hearts to thrill.
- 6 Upon the suffering martyr's way,
Hope's brilliant light they shed ;
To every child of woe they say,
" Dear heart, be comforted."
- 7 Give us, our Father, so to live,
That we may feel and see,
Those fairest angels who receive
Their life's sweet love from thee.
-

A PLACE OF PEACE BEYOND THE SKIES.

- T**HERE is a place of sacred rest,
Far, far beyond the skies ;
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies.
- 2 When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side ;
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide ;
- 3 Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn ;
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.
- 4 The vision of that heavenly home
Shall cheer the parting soul ;
And o'er it, mounting to the skies,
A tide of rapture roll.
- 5 For there, adieus are sounds unknown ;
Death frowns not on that scene ;
But life and glorious beauty shine
Untroubled and serene.

WHEN VERDURE CLOTHES.

WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
 And blossoms deck the spray ;
 And fragrance breathes in every gale,
 How sweet the vernal day !

2 Hark ! how the feathered warblers sing ;
 'Tis nature's cheerful voice ;
 Soft music hails the lovely spring,
 And woods and fields rejoice.

3 O God of nature and of grace,
 Thy heavenly gifts impart ;
 Then shall my meditation trace
 Spring, blooming in my heart.

4 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
 Glad nature's cheerful song ;
 And love and gratitude divine
 Attune my joyful tongue.

LET CHARITY ABIDE IN THY HEART.

MEEEK and lowly, pure and holy,
 Chief among the " blessed three ;"
 Turning sadness into gladness,
 Heaven-born art thou, charity.
 Pity reigneth in thy bosom,
 Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart ;
 Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee —
 Judgment hath in thee no part,

2 Hoping ever, failing never,
 Though deceived, believing still ;
 Long abiding, all confiding,
 To thy heavenly Father's will.
 Never weary of well-doing ;
 Never fearful of the end ;
 Claiming all mankind as brothers,
 Thou dost all mankind befriend.

JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
 'Tis music to the ear ;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That heaven and earth might hear.

- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my trust ;
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
 In thee doth richly meet ;
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
 With my last, laboring breath ;
 And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
 The antidote of death.

DEDICATION HYMN.

By P. H. Sweetzer.

LET monumental pillars rise,
 In majesty sublime ;
 Their lofty columns shall decay,
 Before the touch of time !
 But mind, enlightened and refined,
 Shall soar beyond the sky,
 And heavenly sciences explore,
 When time itself shall die !

- 2 A nobler monument we raise,
 Than costly marble pile ;
 A beacon light to lead the way
 From ignorance and guile.
 This temple now we dedicate
 To truth's supreme control ;
 To virtue, and progressive thought,
 The riches of the soul !

BE JUST AND FEAR NOT.

By the Dean of Canterbury.

SPEAK thou the truth ; let others fence,
 And trim their words for pay ;
 In pleasant sunshine of pretence
 Let others bask their day.

- 2 Guard thou the fact ; though clouds of night,
 Down on thy watch-tower stoop ;
 Though thou should'st see thine heart's delight
 Borne from thee by their swoop.
- 3 Face thou the wind ; though safer seem
 In shelter to abide.
 We were not made to sit and dream ;
 The safe must first be tried.
- 4 Be true to every inmost thought,
 And, as thy thought, thy speech ;
 What thou hast not by suffering bought,
 Presume thou not to teach.
- 5 Hold on, hold on ! thou hast the rock ;
 The foes are on the sand ;
 The first world-tempest's ruthless shock
 Scatters their shifting strand ;
- 6 While each wild gust the mist shall clear,
 We now see darkly through ;
 And justified at last appear,
 The true, in Him that's true.

THERE ARE HOURS OF GRIEF.

By S. A. Munson.

THERE'S not a heart, however light,
 But hath its hours of grief,
 When sadness comes, like autumn blight
 Upon the forest leaf.

- 2 The sky will not be always fair,
 Though clear it be to-day ;
 For threatening clouds steal unaware,
 As streaks the morning's gray.

- 3 The friend in whom thou didst confide,
With all thy child-like love,
May coldly turn from thee aside,
And thou alone must rove.
- 4 The keen wind's cut when winter's blast
Sweeps o'er the hill and lawn,
But shortly will its white wreath last,
At break of spring-time's dawn.
- 5 And so it is with every day,
Which brings its joy and grief;
The saddest moments pass away,
The heart throbs at relief.

CALLING FOR SPIRITUAL AID.

- COME Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach immortal joys.
 - 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
 - 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
 - 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
 When those that love the Lord,
 In one another's peace delight,
 And thus fulfil his word !

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part ;
 When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart !

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
 Our wishes all above ;
 Each can his brother's failings hide,
 And show a brother's love !

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above ;
 And he's an heir of heaven that finds
 His bosom glow with love.

 SUNSHINE OF THE HEART.

By Wm. Huntly.

WHEN clouds arise and hide from view
 The sun's effulgent rays ;
 And pattering rains the earth bedew,
 And cheerless are our ways ;
 Oh, then 'tis sweet to feel within
 A throb that knows no smart ;
 Dispelling sorrow that would dim
 The sunshine of the heart.

2 Sweet rosy youth, bedecked around
 With hope's fair budding flowers ;
 And joyous smiles profuse abound
 In those delightful hours ;
 But soon they're gone, and sombre age
 Reviews each fading part ;
 And gleams from memory's golden page
 The sunshine of the heart.

- 8 Then seek to crown declining life
With gems from virtue's light,
Accept the toil and join the strife,
And battle for the right ;
Then ripened years and sweet content
Sweet halo will impart,
And memory gild our monument
With sunshine of the heart.
-

I WILL REMEMBER THEE.

WHEN from the orient gates of morn
Aurora leads the day,
And through yon azure depths is born
The lark's clear matin lay,
I climb the rugged mountain-side,
Ere yet its cloud-mists flee, —
In scenes of grandest solitude,
I will remember Thee.

- 2 And when at noontide's sultry hour
The cattle seek the shade,
And droops each leaf and tender flower
When Sol's fierce beam is laid,
I roam the leafy forest aisles,
Beneath their canopy,
To contemplative muse, or dream,
I will remember Thee.

- 3 And when with flush of purpling light
The twilight shadows fly,
And faint the vesper lamps are hung
Within the western sky,
I stray upon the shore where breaks
The murmuring, star-lit sea, —
In that lone hour and tranquil spot
I will remember Thee.

JOY TO THE WORLD.

JOY to the world, for truth abounds,
 And "error withering dies ;"
 In fragments hurled upon the ground,
 Her broken altar lies.

2 Joy to the world, for man is free ;
 His broken fetters fall ;
 He scorns to bow again his knee
 At Superstition's call.

3 Joy to the world, high o'er the tomb
 The star of hope appears ;
 An angel voice from out the gloom
 Falls sweetly on our ears.

4 Joy to the world the anthem be ;
 A song of triumph sing,
 " O grave, where is thy victory,
 O death, where is thy sting ? "

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Pope.

FATHER of all ! in every age,
 In every clime adored,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 The universal Lord !

2 Thou great First Cause ! least understood,
 Who all my sense confined
 To know but this, — that Thou art good,
 And that myself am blind.

3 If I am right, thy grace impart
 Still in the right to stay ;
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

4 To Thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar earth, sea, skies ;
 One chorus let all beings raise,
 All nature's incense rise.

THY WILL BE DONE.

WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to good was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, Thy will be done.

MY HEAVENLY GUIDE.

I GAZED down life's dim labyrinth
A withering maze to see,
Crossed o'er by many a tangled clew,
And wild as wild could be;
And as I gazed in doubt and dread
An angel came to me.

2 I knew him for a heavenly guide,
I knew him even then;
Though meekly as a child he stood
Among the sons of men,—
By his deep spirit loveliness,
I knew him even then.

- 3 And as I leaned my weary head
 Upon his proffered breast,
And scanned the peril-haunted wild
 From out my place of rest,
I wondered if the shining ones
 Of Eden were more blest.
- 4 There was a light within my soul,
 Light on my peaceful way ;
And all around the blue above
 The clustering starlight lay ;
And easterly I saw upreared
 The pearly gates of day.
- 5 So hand in hand, we trod the wild,
 My angel love and I ;
His lifted wing all quivering
 With tokens from the sky ;
Strange my dull thought could not divine
 'Twas lifted but to fly !
- 6 Again down life's dim labyrinth
 I grope my way alone,
While mildly through the midnight sky,
 Black, hurrying clouds are blown,
And thickly in my tangled path
 The sharp, bare thorns are sown.
- 7 Yet firm my foot, for well I know
 The goal cannot be far,
And ever, through the rifted clouds
 Shines out one steady star,
For when my guide went up, *he left*
 The pearly gates ajar.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Unuttered or expressed ;
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try ;
 Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways ;
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry, " Behold he prays."

BLESSING.

TO God be glory ! Peace on earth !"
 Let us repeat again
 The hymn that hailed the Saviour's birth, —
 " Peace and good-will to men !"

- 2 Good-will to men ! O God, we hail
 This of thy law the sum ;
 For as this shall o'er earth prevail,
 So shall thy kingdom come !

H Y M N S .

LONG METRE.

VIRTUE.

SUPREME and universal light !
Fountain of reason ! judge of right !
Parent of good ! whose blessings flow
On all above, on all below :

- 2 Assist us, Lord ! to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree ;
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came.
- 3 Our moral freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
Self-poised and independent still
On this world's varying good or ill.
- 4 No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
Oh, may our steadfast bosoms bear
The stamp of heaven, an upright heart,
Above the mean disguise of art.
- 5 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim ;
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.

OMNIPOTENCE.

- COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
 Attempt thy great Creator's praise ;
 But oh, what tongue can speak his fame ?
 What mortal verse can reach the theme ?
- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
 He, glory like a garment wears ;
 To form a robe of light divine,
 Millions of suns around him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
 Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines ;
 His works, through all this wondrous frame,
 Declare the glory of his name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
 Do thou, my soul, his glories sing ;
 And let his praise employ my tongue,
 Till listening worlds shall join the song.
-

LOVE TO GOD AND OUR NEIGHBOR.

Matt. xxii. 37-40.

- THUS saith the first, the great command,
 " Let all thy inward powers unite
 To love thy Maker and thy God,
 With utmost vigor and delight.
- 2 Then shall thy neighbor next in place
 Share thine affection and esteem ;
 And let thy kindness to thyself
 Measure and rule thy love to him."
- 3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
 This did the prophets preach and prove,
 For want of this the law is broke,
 And the whole law's fulfilled by love.
- 4 But oh ! how base our passions are !
 How cold our charity and zeal !
 Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
 Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through every land, by every tongue.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
 Eternal truth attends thy word ;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.
 - 3 In every land begin the song,
 To every land the strains belong ;
 In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
 And fill the world with loudest praise.
-

MAY NOW, THY WILL, MY GOD, BE DON

MY God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, on life's rough way
 Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
 "May now, thy will, my God, be done."

- 2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
 For friends beloved, no longer nigh ;
 Submissive still would I reply,
 "May now, thy will, my God, be done."
- 3 If thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize, — it ne'er was mine, —
 I only yield thee what is thine ;
 "May now, thy will, my God, be done."
- 4 Should pining sickness waste away
 My life in premature decay,
 In life or death, teach me to say,
 "May now, thy will, my God, be done."
- 5 Renew my will from day to day,
 Blend it with thine, and take away
 Whatever makes it hard to say,
 "May now, thy will, my God, be done."

'AREWELL OF THE SOUL TO THE BODY.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

COMPANION dear, the hour draws nigh,
 The sentence speeds to die, to die !
 So long in mystic union held,
 So close in strong embrace compelled,
 How canst thou bear the dread decree
 That strikes thy clasping nerves from me ?
 Yes, thou hast marked my bidding well,
 Faithful and true ! — Farewell ! Farewell !

2 That thou didst sometimes clog my course,
 Or with thy trifling check my force,
 Or lure from heaven my wavering trust,
 Or bow my drooping wing to dust,
 I blame thee not ; our strife is done ;
 I knew thou wert the weaker one, —
 The vase of earth, the trembling clod,
 Constrained to hold the breath of God.

3 Well hast thou in my service wrought ;
 Thy brow hath mirrored forth my thought,
 To wear my smile thy lips have glowed,
 Thy tear to speak my sorrow flowed ;
 Thine ear hath brought me rich supplies
 Of varying tintured melodies ;
 Thy hands my prompted deeds have done,
 Thy feet have on my errands run.

4 Go to thy rest. Ah, quit thy hold,
 For thou art faint, and chill, and cold.
 If I have ever caused thee pain,
 The throbbing breast, the burning brain,
 With cares and vigils turned thee pale,
 Or scorned thee, when thy strength did fail,
 Forgive ! forgive ! thy task doth cease ;
 Friend ! lover ; let us part in peace.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

By H. K. White.

- W**HEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
 The glittering hosts bestud the sky,
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem ;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
 Deep horror then my vitals froze ;
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
 When suddenly a star arose, —
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 It was my guide, my light, my all ;
 It made my dark foreboding cease ;
 And through the storm and danger's thrall
 It led me to the port of peace.
 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing first in night's diadem,
 Forever and forever more,
 The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.
-

THE PURE IN HEART SHALL MEET AGAIN.

By William Leggett.

IF you bright orbs which gem the night,
 Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
 Where kindred spirits re-unite,
 Whom death hath torn asunder here, —
 How sweet it were at once to die,
 And leave this dreary world afar, —
 Meet soul with soul, and cleave the sky,
 And soar away from star to star.

- 2 But oh, how dark, how drear, how lone
 Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
 If, wandering through each radiant one,
 We fail to find the loved of this !
 If there no more the ties shall twine
 That death's cold hand alone can sever !
 Ah ! then those stars in mockery shine,
 More hateful as they shine forever.
- 3 It cannot be ; each hope, each fear,
 That lights the eye, or clouds the brow,
 Proclaims there is a happier sphere
 Than this bleak world that holds us now.
 There is a voice which sorrow hears,
 When heaviest weighs life's galling chains, —
 'Tis Heaven that whispers, " Dry thy tears,
 The pure in heart shall meet again."
-

THE TEMPLE DEITY.

- IN every human mind we see
 A temple made for Deity ;
 And righteous thoughts and acts declare
 His Holy Spirit's presence there.
- 2 The living God whom *no one* saw,
 Whose mind revealed the ancient law,
 Within the reason and the will,
 Makes known his truth and mercy still.
- 3 All that the Hebrew prophets knew
 Through moral insight shone to view ;
 Then nature dropped her veil to stand
 And teach like Christ, at God's right hand.
- 4 O'er all the past the mellow light
 Of revelation gilds the night ;
 All creeds, like meteors, rise and fall ;
 Faith, Hope, and Love survive them all.

HOW BLEST THE PLACE.

HOW blest the place where Heaven is !
 The fountain-head of life and bliss ;
 Celestial band assist my flight,
 And bear me to that realm of light ;
 Those blissful groves so green and fair,
 Perennial bloom and fruit doth bear ;
 And angel forms of various grade,
 Enjoy their ever peaceful shade.

- 2 The seraph tall, with ardor bright,
 Beloved among the sons of light ;
 And cherub grave, of thoughtful mien,
 Stray o'er those hills of evergreen.
 But, oh ! to my fond heart more dear,
 Those whom I loved and cherished here,
 In white and spotless robes, I see,
 From pain and death forever free.
- 3 Their harps of gold are tuned to sing
 The triumphs of their Saviour King ;
 And heavenly hill and grove and stream,
 Are vocal with the joyful theme.
 When through the strength of saving grace
 I finish my appointed race,
 On that immortal, brighter plain,
 I'll meet those kindred souls again.
-

HOW SWEET THE CHANGE.

HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
 When all is peaceful and serene,
 And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
 Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene !

- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour,
 So peacefully he sinks to rest,
 When faith, endued from heaven with power,
 Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

- 3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek ;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.
- 4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road ;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.
- 5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own spirit deigns to bless ?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness ?

I'M GOING HOME TO DIE NO MORE.

MY heavenly home is bright and fair ;
Nor pain, nor death can enter there.
Its glittering towers the sun outshine ;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.
I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home to die
no more.

- 2 My father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky ;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be
I'm going home, &c.
- 3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam ;
And, though like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
I'm going home, &c.
- 4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow ;
Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
I'm going home, &c.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

HOW blest the righteous when they die,
 When holy souls retire to rest !
 How mildly beams the closing eye !
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast !

- 2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 Farewell conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
 How bright unchanging morn appears !
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

CHERRYFIELD.

Contributed by S. W. Tucker, of Bucksport, Me.

HOW long, O Lord, am I to stay
 A captive in this form of clay ?
 My spirit yearns for higher bliss
 Than can be found in worlds like this.

- 2 'Tis from thy blissful fount above,
 My soul is fed with heavenly love ;
 My aspirations soar away
 Where no more night can chase the day.
- 3 That world of pure, unsullied hue,
 Ere long will open to my view ;
 No war nor discord there can come
 To mar the peace I shall have won.
- 4 How sweet the thought, what joy to me,
 That soon my future home I'll see ;
 There heaven's eternal beauties ope,
 And naught can blight my fondest hope.

THE RAINBOW.

G. W. Bungay.

- B**LESS God for rain ! " the good man said,
And wiped away a grateful tear ;
" That we may have our daily bread,
He drops a shower upon us here ! "
- 2 The dusty earth, with lips apart,
Looked up where rolled an orb of flame ;
As though a prayer came from its heart,
For rain to come, and lo ! it came.
- 3 The Indian corn, with silken plume,
'And flowers with tiny pitchers filled,
Send up their praise of sweet perfume,
For precious drops the cloud distilled.
- 4 Sweet fields are dressed in gold and green,
The brooklet swells its song again ;
An angel's snowy wing is seen
In every cloud that brings us rain.
- 5 There is a rainbow in the sky,
Upon the arch where tempests trod ;
'Twas written by the Hand on high,
It is the autograph of God !
-

OUR HOME IS NOT OF EARTH.

- H**OW vain is all beneath the skies !
How transient every earthly bliss !
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this !
- 2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,
The glory of a passing hour.
- 3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

ANGELS.

By C. D. Stuart.

OH, teach me not the barren creed,
 That angels never haunt the soul :
 That 'tis a dream, oh, never plead ;
 I would not lose their sweet control, —
 Low-whispering spirits, still they come
 And bid the dear emotions start,
 With visions of our childhood's home,
 That "Mecca" of the human heart.

- 2 Oh, chide me not, nor break the spell,
 All I have loved, or love, is here ;
 The kind, the good, the true, they dwell
 In friendship's smile, and pity's tear !
 A little faith may rend the guise ;
 And what our yearning hearts adore,
 Will change to seraphs from the skies,
 Who lingering watch till life is o'er.

HE GIVETH HIS ANGELS CHARGE.

INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
 Thou Shepherd and guardian of mine ;
 My all to thy fatherly care,
 I, sleeping or waking, resign.

- 2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
 The night is not darkness to me ;
 And fast as the moments roll on,
 They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 3 Thy ministering spirits descend,
 Their watch round thy children to keep ;
 By day and by night they attend,
 And guard both our waking and sleep.
- 4 I, too, am of heavenly birth,
 To me is some ministry given ;
 May I do thy will upon earth,
 As 'tis done by the angels of heaven.

GOD SURROUNDS US.

WITHIN thy circling arms I lie,
 O God ! in thine infinity ;
 My soul in quiet shall abide,
 Beset with love on every side.

- 2 Within thy circling power I dwell, —
 The power that doeth all things well ;
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God.
- 3 How sure his law, how great his might !
 His holiness, how infinite !
 How reverend is his majesty !
 His wisdom, oh, how deep and high !
- 4 Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin, for God is there !

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

FATHER and friend ! thy light, thy love,
 Beaming through all thy works, we see ;
 Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
 And all the earth is full of thee.

- 2 Great Spirit ! we thy presence feel,
 Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
 To human eyes invisible,
 Reignest the Lord of life and light.
- 3 We think that in some hallowed part
 Of the wide heavens thy throne may be ;
 But this we know, that where thou art,
 Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell with thee.
- 4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
 Sustained by this delightful thought ;
 Since thou, their God, art everywhere,
 They cannot be where thou art not.

THE SOUL.

By G. W. Nichols.

THE soul is boundless as the skies,
 Undying as the orb of day ;
 From sphere to sphere she upward flies,
 As wear her outward shells away ;
 Defying Death, and Time, and strife,
 To rob her of immortal life !

- 2 She wears a crown adorned with gems,
 More sparkling than the stars at night,
 And, spangled o'er with diadems,
 A glittering robe of spotless white ;
 That crown which rivals all above,
 That robe so pure, is human love !
- 3 A fragrance, bears aloft her wings,
 More sweet, more pure, than heavenly dew ;
 And round her form a radiance springs,
 A radiance soft, of golden hue ;
 That balmy breath which wafts her higher,
 That lambent light, is virtue's fire !
- 4 She sits upon a starry throne,
 Whose wondrous glory fills the sky,
 And quaffs a cup whose drops atone
 For all of human misery ;
 That beaming throne whose glories shine,
 That nectared cup, is truth divine !

CHEER.

SEEK to be patient in distress,
 The weariest night at last must close ;
 Tears are akin to happiness,
 The thorn is neighbored by the rose.

- 2 The love that keeps the buried flower
 Safe from the winter's stormy breath,
 Can guard us through each evil hour,
 And lead us safe to life, through death.

INDEPENDENCE.

- H**OW happy is he born or taught,
 Who serveth not another's will ;
 Whose armor is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his highest skill ;
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death ;
 Not tied unto the world by care
 Of public fame, or private breath ;
- 3 Who God doth late and early pray,
 More of his gifts than grace to lend,
 And walks with man from day to day.
 As with a brother and a friend !
- 4 This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

I USED TO THINK.

- I** USED to think that yonder sky
 Was God's own palace bright and high ;
 That wingéd angels, glittering fair,
 Were ever singing praises there.
- 2 I looked for them in sunset skies,
 And thought the stars were their bright eyes ;
 But now I'm glad that when I pray,
 God's heaven is not so far away.
- 3 I feel the soft and silent air,
 And joy to know that God is there ;
 And when my heart to him is given,
 I love to think, in *that* is heaven.

BE THOU O GOD !

BE thou, O God ! exalted high ;
 And as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here as there obeyed.

H Y M N S .

METRES, EIGHTS AND SEVENS.

1

SPIRIT VOICES.

From "Blossoms of our Spring." — By H. Tuttle.

WHEN the day-god, worn and weary,
Sinks behind the shadowy hills,
And the cooing of the ring-dove
Like sweet loves my bosom thrills ;
When the sunset clouds, like vessels,
Coast upon the airy sea,
Beaming with the forms of angels,
Spirit voices come to me.

2 When night's pet child, morning twilight,
Trips along with flying feet
O'er the pastures strewn with clover,
Redolent with fragrance sweet ;
And with dainty, rose-tipped fingers,
Folds the shadow-shades for me,
Fraught with love-words, softly spoken
Spirit-voices come to me.

3 Ne'er is there a night so starless,
Or a day so fraught with bliss,
That I hear not spirit-voices,
Or return some angel kiss.
When I'm sad the gentle angels
Fold the heart-shades all aside ;
And they smile, when golden joy-beams
O'er me, like May sunshine glide.

THE MOTE AND BEAM.

Tune, p. 60, "S. S. Bells."—By S. H.

TRUTH reflects upon the senses ;
 Spirit light reveals to some ;
 If there still should be offences,
 Woe to him by whom they come.
 "Judge not that ye be not judged,"
 Was the council Jesus gave ;
 "With what measure you have given,
 Just the same you shall receive."

2 Jesus said, be meek and lowly,
 For 'tis high to be a judge ;
 If I would be pure and holy
 I must love without a grudge ;
 It requires a constant labor
 All these precepts to obey ;
 If I truly love my neighbor
 I am in the narrow way.

8 Once I said unto my neighbor
 "In thine eye there is a mote,
 If thou art a friend or brother,
 Hold, and let me pull it out ;"
 But I could not see it fairly,
 For my sight was very dim ;
 When I came to see more clearly,
 In mine eye there was a beam.

4 If I truly love my neighbor,
 And this mote I would erase,
 Then my light must shine more clearly,
 For the eye 's a tender place ;
 Others I have oft reproved
 For a little simple mote !
 Now I wish the beam removed ;
 Oh that tears would wash it out !

- 5 Charity and love are healing ;
 These will give a clearer sight ;
 When I searched for others failings,
 I was not exactly right ;
 Now I'll take no further trouble ;
 Jesus' love is all my theme ;
 Little motes are but a bubble
 When compared unto a beam !
- 6 In sweet union let us travel,
 Pilgrims through this world of woe ;
 All upon one Christian level,
 None but Jesus will we know.
 Farewell then to disputation,
 Firm united let us be,
 In love's highest dispensation,
 Live with Christ eternally.

GOD IS LOVE.

- G**OD is love ; his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove ;
 Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever ;
 Man decays, and ages move ;
 But his mercy waneth never ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will his changeless goodness prove ;
 From the gloom his brightness streameth ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above ;
 Everywhere his glory shineth ;
 God is wisdom, god is love.

WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE. .

Tune, p. 48, Waters's "Choral Harp."
Duet.—By W. M.

WHEN we hear the music ringing
 In the bright celestial dome ;
 When sweet angel voices singing,
 Gladly bid us welcome home,
 To the land of ancient story,
 Where the spirits know no care ;
 In that land of light and glory,
 We shall know each other there,
 CHORUS.—We shall know each other there.

2 When the holy angels meet us,
 And we go to join their band ;
 We shall know the friends that greet us,
 In the glorious spirit land !
 We shall see the same eyes shining
 On us, as in days of yore ;
 * We shall feel their dear arms twining
 Fondly round us, as before.
 CHORUS.—We shall know, &c.

3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
 And my weary heart grows light,
 For the thrilling angel voices,
 And the angel faces bright,
 That shall welcome us in heaven,
 Are the loved of long ago ;
 And to them 'tis kindly given
 Thus their mortal friends to know.
 CHORUS.—We shall know, &c.

4 Oh, ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,
 Droop not, faint not, by the way ;
 Ye shall join the loved and just ones
 In the land of perfect day !
 Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
 Murmured in my raptured ear,
 Evermore their sweet song lingers,
 " We shall know each other there !"
 CHORUS.—We shall know, &c.

THE SHINING SHORE.

From "Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book."—By G. F. Root.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly ;
 Those hours of toil and danger.
 CHORUS.—For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
 Our friends are passing over ;
 And just before the shining shore,
 We may *almost* discover.

2 Our absent Guide the watchword gave,
 " Let every lamp be burning ;"
 We look afar, across the wave,
 Our distant home discerning.
 CHORUS.—For now we stand, &c.

3 Should coming days be dark and cold,
 We will not yield to sorrow ;
 For hope will sing with courage bold,
 " There's glory on the morrow."
 CHORUS.—For now we stand, &c.

4 Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,
 Each cord on earth to sever ;
 There, bright and joyous in the skies,
 There is our home forever.
 CHORUS.—For now we stand, &c.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

From "Banner of Light."—By Grace Leland.

WE are standing on the threshold
 Of a brighter world than this,
 And through all our earth-born striving
 Come dim sounds of far-off bliss ;
 Some stray note from harp of seraph
 Falls upon our careless ear,
 And we start, and wondering listen,
 Though we know not what we hear.

2 Now and then the portals open,
 And we see our loved ones go,
 And we lose them in the brightness,
 While we weeping walk below ;
 But we know they're only folded
 Closer to that Heart above,
 Which is tenderer than a mother's,
 For we know our " God is LOVE ! "

3 What doth matter though we weary
 Standing on the threshold dim,
 If we catch some heavenly cadence
 From the great celestial hymn ?
 If our Saviour's hand we're clasping,
 In this world of blight and sin,
 Blest are we, when ope the portals,
 Then to hear his *Enter in !* "

PRESENT INSPIRATION.

By L. K. Coonley.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life
 Revelation speaks the same ;
 We hear our God in nature's strife
 His majestic will proclaim.

2 No! inspiration never dies, —
 No "repenting" by our Lord ;
 His love supreme, through orbs and skies
 His children obey his word.

3 The angels come and talk with man,
 As they did in ancient days ;
 Proclaiming now salvation's plan
 In progressive lovelier ways.

4 Through toil we see the royal road
 Leads to brighter scenes than earth ;
 The earth-left children of our God
 Aid us to the heavenly birth.

WE MUST NOW BE GOING.

A DIEU ! adieu ! we now must part !
 How swiftly time is winging !
 But sweet are farewells of the heart,
 When they are said in singing !
 The roses climb the garden wall ;
 The buds are past their blowing ;
 The summer's breezy voices call,
 And we must now be going.

2 The thrush is on her trembling nest,
 Which every wind is swaying ;
 And every robin shows his breast,
 While we are here delaying !
 The bees have set their pipes in tune
 On every head of clover ;
 And we must haste to hear them soon,
 Or summer will be over !

3 To-day the birds on every bough
 Their Sabbath chimes are ringing ;
 The Lord is in his temple now,
 We praise him with our singing !
 Without, within, the voices chord !
 One praise we all are giving, —
 To thee, O ever-living Lord,
 To thee O ever-living !

4 O God of every human heart
 And every heart's pure feeling,
 We love and praise thee as thou art
 In nature's own revealing !
 Wherever summer's grass is green,
 Or winter's snows are hoary,
 We feel thee, though thou art unseen,
 We know thee by thy glory !

WHAT IS THE USE OF BEING SAD?

By Georgie C. Slatter.

WHAT is the use of being sad,
 When friends are round to make us glad,
 When all is bright and joyous?
 Sure nought is made by giving way
 To trifles small, that come each day,
 E'en though they do annoy us.

2 For if we turn the dark side o'er,
 And think that we have troubles more
 Than scores of those around us;
 Our cup of bliss will turn to woe,
 We sorrowing all our days will go,
 And joy will ne'er surround us.

3 Then let us think no more of care;
 We'll have no more than we can bear;
 Let grief our hearts ne'er fetter;
 If we should mourn throughout our life,
 'Twill only end in vexing strife,
 And never make us better.

DICKENS' CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

HUSH, I cannot bear to see thee
 Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
 I have got no bread to give thee,
 Nothing, child, to ease thy pain.
 When God sent thee first to bless me,
 Proud and thankful, too, was I;
 Now, my darling, I, thy mother,
 Almost long to see thee die.
 Sleep, my darling; thou art weary:
 God is good, but life is dreary.

2 I have seen thy beauty fading,
 And thy strength sink day by day, —
 Soon I know will want and fever
 Waste thy little life away.

Famine makes thy mother reckless ;
 Hope and joy are gone from me ;
 I could suffer all, my baby, —
 Sleep, my darling ; thou art weary :
 God is good, but life is dreary.

- 3 I am wasted, dear, with hunger,
 And my brain is sore oppressed ;
 I have scarcely strength to press thee,
 Wan and feeble, to my breast.
 Patience, baby, God will help us,
 Death will come to thee and me ;
 He will take us to his heaven,
 Where no want or pain can be.
 Sleep, my darling ; thou art weary :
 God is good, but life is dreary.
-

EVERY HEART TO HEAVEN ASPIRES.

FAR from mortal cares retreating,
 Sordid hopes, and vain desires ;
 Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
 Every heart to heaven aspires.

- 2 From the fount of glory beaming,
 Light celestial cheers our eyes ;
 Mercy from above proclaiming,
 Peace and wisdom from the skies.
- 3 Who may share this great salvation ?
 Every pure and humble mind ;
 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
 From the stains of guilt refined.
- 4 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none ;
 Truth and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne.

LIFE IS REAL, LIFE IS EARNEST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream !
 That the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

- 2 Life is real ! life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 " Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.
- 3 In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle ;
 Be a hero in the strife.
- 4 Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time ;
- 5 Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
 Seeing, shall take heart again.
- 6 Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

 SUNRISE IN THE MORNING.

From Robert Burns in Spirit.

FULL oft we wake from weary dreams
 Of want and woe and scorning,
 When through the window shine the beams
 Of sunrise in the morning.
 The dewy rose is fresh and sweet,
 The gay parterre adorning ;
 And meadow daisies press our feet
 At sunrise in the morning.

- 2 Though outward life is dark with dreams
 Of want and care and scorning,
 Thank God ! it ends with angel beams
 Of sunrise in the morning.
 Love's dewy roses open sweet,
 The heavenly sphere adorning,
 And death shall stoop to kiss our feet
 At sunrise in the morning.
- 3 Then let us wake from idle dreams,
 No child of sorrow scorning,
 To scatter far the blessed beams
 Of sunrise in the morning.
 Then heart and soul shall blossom sweet,
 The heaven of love adorning ;
 And we shall with the Saviour meet
 At sunrise in the morning.
-

GO FEED MY LAMBS.

From "Hymns and Tunes," p. 95.

- H**O ! ye that rest beneath the rock,
 On pastures greenly growing,
 Or roam at will, a favored flock,
 By waters gently flowing, —
 Hear ye upon the desert air,
 A voice of woe come crying,
 Where, cold upon the barren moor,
 God's little lambs are dying ?
- 2 See, the great Shepherd bend and call,
 From fields of light and glory ;
 " Go feed my lambs, and bring them all
 From moor and mountain hoary ! "
 Ye little flock the call obey,
 And from the desert dreary
 Lead those who faint along the way,
 Or wander lost and weary.

ANGEL FOOTSTEPS.

By H. W. Longfellow.—Tune, "Spirit Minstrel," p. 7.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight ;

2 Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And like phantoms, grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall ;

3 Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

4 With a slow and noiseless footstep
Come the messengers divine,
Take the vacant chair beside me,
Lay their gentle hands in mine ;

5 And they sit and gaze upon me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

6 Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes in blessings ended,
Breathing from their lips of air.

•

LIGHT BEYOND THE RIVER.

THERE is light beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll ;
There is peace and joy forever
For the tempest-beaten soul.
Tears are changed for smiles of gladness,
Pain and sorrow come no more ;
Never thought of care and sadness
Haunts the dweller on that shore.

- 2 Here the way is often dreary ;
Clouds of darkness fold us round ;
Hearts grow faint and feet grow weary,
Toiling o'er the rugged ground.
Yonder, where the light is shining,
There is rest from toil and strife ;
And beside that pathway twining,
Blossom flowers of endless life.
- 3 Here are doubt, and gloom, and sighing ;
Brightest joys the soonest fade ;
Those we love are dead or dying,
In the dust our hopes are laid.
There the light of truth shines clearly,
Joys supernal gild the way ;
Those we love so well and dearly,
By our side shall ever stray.
- 4 Mourner, are the earth-ties broken ?
From thy life has brightness fled ?
Last, fond farewells hast thou spoken
O'er that form now chill and dead ?
See ! a radiant brightness streaming
O'er the river's swelling tide,
Woos thee to the light that's beaming
Yonder on the further side.

- 5 Traveller ! let thine eye be ever
 Fixed upon that shining goal ;
 On the light beyond the river
 Where the raging billows roll.
 Look ! there from the radiant portal
 Of the realm of endless day,
 From that land of the Immortal
 Beams a light to guide the way.

LABOR AND PLEASURE.

By H. W. Payson.

- THERE is happiness in labor,
 Toilsome though the task may be ;
 Work is Pleasure's nearest neighbor,
 With the heart from thralldom free.
- 2 Labor is the root supplying,
 Happiness the branching tree ;
 Each without the other dying,
 What e'er be their pedigree.
- 3 As the nucleus is enfolded,
 Hidden in the briery shell,
 Peace is beautifully moulded,
 Labor labelled, " All is well."
 Head, or hand, work one or other,
 Or by turns, were better still ;
 Let us work for one another,
 Laboring with an earnest will.
- 5 Sloth is poison, sweetly proffered
 Wears a tempting look, 'tis true ;
 Take it not, however offered,
 On no Christian soil it grew.
- 6 If there's one thing Satan loveth,
 One thing he delights to find,
 One where unrestrained he moveth,
 'Tis an idle human mind.

WEALTH AND WORTH.

From "True Flag." — By Finley Johnson.

THIS is indeed an unjust world,
 In which we toil and labor,
 Where each man's voice and hand is raised
 To war against his neighbor ;
 And he who has the most of gold,
 Is worshipped, honored, flattered ;
 While poor men, though possessed of worth,
 Are beaten, bruised, and battered.

- 2 The man who revels in his wealth, —
 Of widows a despoiler, —
 Is far more honored by the world
 Than a poor, honest toiler ;
 And should the poor man strive to rise
 Above his low position,
 The world still seeks to keep him down,
 And lower his condition.
- 3 Oh ! wherefore rage this warfare 'gainst
 A poor, but honest brother ?
 Since God our father unto us
 Hath said, " Assist each other ; "
 And therefore, let us here on earth,
 Share in each other's sorrow ;
 That through the darkness we can see
 The brightness of a morrow.
- 4 The man who, clad in homespun cloth,
 Supports himself by labor,
 Is far more worthy of esteem
 Than his more wealthy neighbor,
 If riches have been gained by fraud ;
 But only God has given
 The poor man virtue, love, and truth, —
 The attributes of heaven.

HYMN TO THE BEAUTIFUL.

By John S. Adams.

WAKE! the world is rife with beauty,
 Day is gemmed with myriad dyes ;
 Nature throws her starry mantle
 Nightly o'er the boundless skies.
 Redolent the air with music, —
 Song of bird, of breeze, and stream,
 With the cataract of water,
 Thunders forth its ceaseless hymn.

- 2 Deity doth fashion nature
 Into forms of joy and grace,
 Then through man works transformation
 Into art, for time and place ;
 Yet, though human hands may labor,
 He who looks with eye of thought,
 May behold the God of nature
 Living in the beauty wrought.
- 3 Marble lips seem near to utterance,
 Painted canvas beams with life,
 And we stand enchained, enraptured,
 Overpowered with the strife
 Of emotions that awaken
 In our soul, thus held in thrall,
 Thought like this, — if this is human,
 What must be the God of all !
- 4 God doth dwell throughout creation ;
 When we bow to beauty's shrine,
 We do meet him there as truly
 As in that men call " divine ;"
 And the purer is that beauty,
 More of God the mind can see ;
 Thus alone shall we behold him
 In the vast eternity.

- 5 Human souls, forever struggling
 For some future coming bliss,
 For some world of matchless splendor,
 Look ! enjoy thy God in this ;
 For the " Future " never cometh,
 To the Present we must bow ;
 Our eternity is dwelling
 In the ever-present now.

ANGELS.

Pocket of George Lippard.— "Banner of Light."

- T**HIN shadowy forms are hovering
 In the air around us spread,
 And we feel their hallowed presence
 In the daily paths we tread ;
 Their soft eyes are kindly glistening
 Down in many golden beams ;
 Theirs the hands that gently scatter
 Heavenly roses on our dreams.
- 2 Richest gems of thought they bring us
 From their fair and distant home ;
 Though they often make us sadder,
 We are better when they come.
 And they weave sweet spells of music
 O'er our troubled hearts to glide,
 And uphold hearts almost sinking
 Down in life's cold, rapid tide.
- 3 They sustain and cheer and comfort,
 When our spirits fail and shrink, —
 Save us from the dark abysses,
 When we tremble on the brink ;
 Soft they chide, when fiery passions
 Would our hasty bosoms stir ;
 Angels sad and deeply sorrow,
 When our human spirits err.

- 4 Low they speak in soothing whispers,
 When in grief we bend and moan,
 And soft they bear us messages
 From the sainted loved ones gone ;
 They that still the fever burning
 In our sickened, weary heart, —
 They unclasp the crystal fountain
 Whence the cooling tear-drops start.
- 5 Oh ! they bring us daily visions
 Of a world more pure and fair,
 While their sweet, low voices whisper :
 “ God and love and home are there.”
 They that keep a deathless vigil
 At the portals of the soul ;
 They that tread the angry tempest
 When the waves of trouble roll ;
- 6 Through the vale of gloomy shadows
 Safe our fainting souls they bear,
 While their tuneful songs of heaven
 Soothe us in our passage there.
 Oh ! how rich, how high, how precious
 We must be in God's pure sight,
 That he sends us guardian angels
 From his realms of fadeless light.

VOICES FROM THE SPIRIT LAND.

IN the silence of the midnight,
 When the cares of day are o'er,
 In my soul I hear the voices
 Of the loved ones gone before ;
 Hear them words of comfort whispering,
 That they'll watch on every hand ;
 And I love, I love to list to
 Voices from the spirit land,

- 2 In my wanderings oft there cometh
 Sudden stillness to my soul,
 When around, above, within it,
 Rapturous joys unnumbered roll ;
 Though around me all is tumult,
 Noise and strife on every hand,
 Yet within my soul, I list to
 Voices from the spirit land.
- 3 Loved ones that have gone before me,
 Whisper words of peace and joy ;
 Those that long since have departed,
 Tell me their divine employ
 Is to watch and guard my footsteps ;
 Oh, it is an angel band !
 And my soul is cheered in hearing
 Voices from the spirit-land.

HYMN OF FORBEARANCE.

By Fitzhugh Ludlow.

- OH, living were a bitter thing,
 A riddle without reason,
 If each sat lonely, gathering
 Within its own heart's narrow ring
 The hopes and fears encumbering
 The flight of early seasons.
- 2 Thank God that in Life's little day,
 Between our dawn and setting,
 We have kind deeds to give away,
 Sad hearts for which our own may pray,
 And strength, when we are wronged, to stay,
 Forgiving and forgetting !
- 3 Thank God for other feet that be
 By ours in life's warfaring ;
 For blessed Christian charity,
 Believing good, she cannot flee,
 Suffering her friend's infirmity —
 Enduring and forbearing !

- 4 We all are travellers who throng
 A thorny road together ;
 And if some pilgrim not so strong
 As I, but foot-sore, does me wrong,
 I make excuse ; the road is long,
 And stormy is the weather.
- 5 What comfort will it yield the day
 Whose light shall find us dying,
 To know that once we had our way
 Against a child of weaker clay,
 And bought our triumph in the fray
 With purchase of his sighing ?
- 6 Most like our Lord are they who bear
 Like him long with the sinning ;
 The music of long-suffering prayer
 Brings angels down God's golden stair,
 Like those through Olivet's darkened air,
 Who saw our life beginning.

THE WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

- O**H, call not this a vale of tears,
 A world of gloom and sorrow ;
 One-half the grief that o'er us comes
 From self we often borrow.
 The earth is beautiful and good—
 How long will man mistake it ?
 The folly is within ourselves ;
 The world is what we make it.
- 2 Did we but strive to make the best
 Of troubles that befall us,
 Instead of meeting cares half way,
 They would not so appall us.

- Earth hath a spell for loving hearts ;
 Why should we seek to break it ?
 Let's scatter flowers instead of thorns, —
 The world is what we make it .
- 3 If truth and love and gentle words
 We took the pains to nourish,
 The seeds of discontent would die,
 And peace and concord flourish.
 Oh, has not each some kindly thought ?
 Then let's at once awake it ;
 Believing that, for good or ill,
 The world is what we make it.
-

GOD WORKETH.

- D**AY is breaking ; earth is waking ;
 Darkness from the hills is gone ;
 Pale with terror, ancient Error
 Trembles on her crumbling throne.
- 2 Up to labor, friend and neighbor !
 Hope and work with all thy might ;
 Heaven is near thee, God doth hear thee,
 He will ever bless the right.
- Day is breaking ; earth is waking ;
 Fellow-worker, lend thine ear ;
 Hear'st thou not the angels speaking
 Words of comfort, words of cheer ?
- 2 Then to labor, friend and neighbor,
 Cheerfully put forth thy might ;
 Never fear thee, God is near thee,
 He doth ever bless the right.
-

ARE WE LIVING FOR THE RIGHT?

WE are living, we are dwelling
 In a grand and earnest time ;
 In an age on ages telling,
 To be living is sublime.

- 2 Hark the onset ! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock ?
Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier !
Worlds are charging to the shock.
- 3 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding,
Angels looking on the sight ;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward, for the Right !
- 4 On ! let all the soul within you
For the Truth's sake, go abroad ;
Strike ! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God !
-

GRANT THY BLESSING.

FATHER ! grant us now thy blessing,
Smile upon us from above ;
Let us all, pure hearts possessing,
Fill our lives with deeds of love.
Make us gentle, kind, and lowly ;
Make us brave, and true, and free ;
Teach us to be good and holy,
Like to Jesus and to Thee !

H Y M N S .

METRES, SHORT,—AND SEVENS.

BE TRUE TO THYSELF.

THY conscience be thy crown,
Contented thoughts thy rest ;
Thy heart be happy in itself,
Thy bliss be in thy breast.

2 Thy wishes be but few,
All easy to fulfil ;
In prayer, ask thou the Lord to bend
Thy spirit to his will.

3 Feel thou no care for gold,
Well-doing be thy wealth ;
Thy mind to thee an empire be,
And God afford thee health.

4 Among the hosts of earth
In genial peace be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With angel blessings crowned.

5 Then o'er the heavenly hills,
Where all the air is love ;
Sweet joy, like evening dew, distills,
To bless the hosts above.

SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS.

- S**OW in the morn thy seed ;
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed, —
Broad-cast it o'er the land.
- 2 Thou knowest not which shall thrive, —
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown :
- 3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.
-

GLAD TIDINGS.

- H**OW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
- 2 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !
- 3 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light ;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight !
- 4 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

NO. SORROW THERE.

Tune for sale at Publishers' office. "Sabbath-School Bell."

- COME sing to me of heaven,
 When I'm about to die.
 Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
 To waft my soul on high!
- CHORUS.—There'll be no sorrow there,
 There'll be no sorrow there.
 In heaven above where all is love,
 There'll be no sorrow there.
- 2 When cold and sluggish drops
 Roll off my marble brow,
 Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
 Let heaven begin below.
 CHORUS.—There'll, &c.
- 3 When the last moments come,
 Oh, watch my dying face,
 To catch the bright, seraphic glow,
 Which in each feature plays.
 CHORUS.—There'll, &c.
- 4 Then to my raptured ear
 Let one sweet song be given;
 Let music charm me last on earth,
 And greet me first in heaven.
 CHORUS.—There'll, &c.
- 5 Then close my sightless eyes,
 And lay me down to rest,
 And clasp my cold and icy hands
 Upon my lifeless breast.
 CHORUS.—There'll, &c.
- 6 When round my senseless clay
 Assemble those I love;
 Then sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
 My glorious home above.
 CHORUS.—There'll, &c.

WHERE SHALL REST BE FOUND?

OH, where shall rest be found, —
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound
 Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years;
 And all that life is love.

THE FRAILTY OF EARTH-LIFE.

LORD, what a feeble piece
 Is this our mortal frame!
 Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
 That scarce deserves a name!

2 Alas! of brittle clay
 Was built our body first!
 And every hour, and every day,
 'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
 Nor will our minutes stay;
 Just like a flood our hasty days
 Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
 We'll keep their end in sight;
 We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
 And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
 This life's tempestuous sea;
 Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
 Of blest eternity.

WE ARE ONE WITH THE FATHER.

BLEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love ;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers ;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear ;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain ;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way ;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin we shall be free ;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

 NOW LET OUR VOICES JOIN.

NOW let our voices join
 To form a sacred song ;
 Let pilgrims in the paths of earth,
 With music pass along.

- 2 The flowers of Paradise
 In rich profusion spring ;
 The sun of heaven gilds the path,
 And dear companions sing.

TRESPASSES AND SINS.

HOW helpless nature lies,
 Unconscious of her load !
 The heart unchanged can never rise
 To happiness and God.

2 Can aught but power divine
 The stubborn will subdue ?
 'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine,
 To form the heart anew : —

3 The passions to recall,
 And upward bid them rise,
 To make the scales of error fall
 From reason's darkened eyes.

4 Oh, change these hearts of ours,
 And give them life divine ;
 Then shall our passions and our powers,
 Almighty Lord, be thine.

 THEN LET OUR SONGS ABOUND.

By O. Holden.

THE hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
 HORUS.—Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry ;
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

2 Come, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known ;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 While ye surround his throne.
 HORUS.—Then let our songs, &c.

- 3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly king
May speak their joys abroad.

CHORUS.—Then let our songs, &c.

CALL OF THE SPIRIT.

- THE Spirits in our hearts
Are ever whispering, "Come!"
The bride, the Love of God, proclaims
To all her children, "Come!"
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To God, the fountain, come!
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
The Spirit bids him come.
- 4 The Spirit, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so! we wait thine hour;
Oh, heavenly Spirit, come!

MORNING.

PEEPING through her purple bars,
 Down an endless street of stars,
 Melting all the ingots up ;
 As her eyes more brightly shine,
 Morning, in a crystal cup,
 Floats the bubble earth in wine.

2 From the red lips of the sea,
 Out into immensity
 Steals a tongue of green and gold ;
 Soon to swarm with giddy flies,
 When the mighty landscape's rolled
 Further to the western skies.

3 Splendor now by splendor quaffed,
 Deeper grows at every draught,
 Till the monogram of fire —
 The round, red Ilaos of the sun —
 Fills with flame the heavens entire,
 And sweeps all glories into one.

SPIRITS BRIGHT ARE EVER NIGH.

SPIRITS bright are ever nigh,
 Filling earth, and air, and sky ;
 Bringing truth, and joy, and love,
 From the fount of God above.
 Weep no more, ye sons of earth,
 For the wrongs of mortal birth ;
 They shall flee like morning dew, —
 Love shall every ill subdue.

2 Up, and toil, ye chosen sons,
 For earth's poor and sinning ones ;
 Bring them back through faith and love,
 To the hope of joys above.
 Rest not, sleep not, by the way ;
 Pause not till that happy day
 Dawns upon thy gladdened eyes,
 With the radiance of the skies.

“GIVE TO HIM THAT ASKETH THEE.”

IF the poor man pass thy door,
Give him of thy bounteous store ;
Give him food, and give him gold,
Give him shelter from the cold ;
Aid him his lone life to live,
For 'tis angel-like to give.

2 Though world riches thou hast not,
Give to him of poorer lot ;
Think thee of the widow's mite,
In the holy master's sight ;
It was more, a thousand-fold,
Than the rich man's hoard of gold.

3 Give, it is the better part,
Give to him, “ the poor in heart.”
Give of love in large degree,
Give of hope and sympathy ;
Cheer to them who sigh forlorn,
Light to him whose lamp is gone.

4 Give the gray-haired wanderer room
Lead him gently to the tomb ;
Let him not in friendless clime
Float adown the tide of time ;
Hear the mother's lonely call,
She, the nearest one of all.

5 And the last, abandoned one,
In thy pathway do not shun ;
Of thy kindness she hath need,
Bind with balm the bruised reed ;
Give, and gifts above all price
Shall be thine in Paradise.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

THUS said Jesus : — “ Go and do
As thou wouldst be done unto : ”
Here thy perfect duty see,
All that God requires of thee.

- 2 Wouldst thou, when thy faults are known,
Wish that pardon should be shown ?
Be forgiving, then, and do
As thou wouldst be done unto.
- 3 Shouldst thou helpless be, and poor,
Wouldst thou not for aid implore ?
Think of others, then, and be
What thou wouldst they should to thee.
- 4 For compassion if thou call,
Be compassionate to all ;
If thou wouldst affection find,
Be affectionate and kind.

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

*HYMNS AND SONGS CONCERNING THE CHANGE
FROM EARTH TO SPIRIT-LIFE.*

VARIOUS METRES.

VITAL SPARK OF HEAVENLY FLAME.

Pope.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame,
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying, —
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

- 2 Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away;"
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds, with sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! O death! where is thy sting?

THUS THEY DIE.

By Baxter L. Carlton. 10s & 8s.

- L**IST! list to the voice in the evening breeze,
 Borne on its gentle, perfumed breath,
 As it sobs and sighs in the maple trees
 Like the murmuring surge of far-off seas, —
 'Tis softly whispering of death.
- 2 The sun's dying rays, all mellow and bright,
 Creep in through the vine-wreathed door,
 And fall o'er a form that is draped in white, —
 Not mortal now, but an angel of light,
 On a far-distant star-gemmed shore.
- 3 Her features bear but a delicate trace
 Where the fingers of death have prest
 The bloom of life from her beautiful face,
 As pure and white as the snowy lace
 That covers her motionless breast.
- 4 Oh, how sad and sweet is the dying smile
 Which her colorless lips gave birth,
 And it lingers still, as if to beguile
 Her angel soul from the heavenly isle
 To its desolate home on earth.
- 5 There are clustering curls of soft, brown hair,
 Smoothed back from her peerless brow,
 And the smiling sunbeams nestling there
 Form a golden wreath, such as angels wear,
 And are wearing in heaven now.
- 6 Oh, why doth He on the great white throne
 Take away the rarest flowers
 From our happy homes, and leave us alone,
 Heart-broken and weary, to languish and moan
 Through the long and drearish hours.
- 7 But all are thus wrecked on the ocean of years,
 As we sail o'er its turbulent breast,
 There are agonized partings, and sighs, and tears,
 The soul flies away to etherial spheres,
 And the CLAY is borne to its rest.

MOTHER, SWEET MOTHER, I'M WITH THEE
STILL.

By Mrs. A. M. Edmonds. — Tune, p. 52, "S. S. Bells."

MOTHER ! sweet mother ! though many a day
Has passed like the swift-winged clouds away,
Since thou, with grief that was almost wild,
Didst give to the angel of death thy child ;
Never more let a tear thine eyelid fill,
For, mother ! sweet mother ! I'm with thee still ;
For, mother ! sweet mother ! I'm with thee still.

2 Thou canst not see me, thy child so dear ;
Thou canst not hear me, yet I am near ;
I watch thee, mother, as thou didst me,
In the days of my youth and my infancy ;
Love's holiest vigil I come to fill ;
Mother ! dear mother ! I'm with thee still.

3 When the east is red with the coming morn,
And the stars grow pale in the crimson dawn,
And the busy cares of a new-born day
Are chasing the shadows of sleep away,
Thy cup from the river of life I fill ;
Mother ! sweet mother ! I'm with thee still ! .

4 When the sun goes down to his couch of gold,
And the shadowy wings of night unfold,
And the stars light up the beautiful road
That shows the path to the saints' abode,
I come with the angels who do his will ;
Mother ! dear mother ! I'm with thee still,

5 When the hour shall come, and thy strength shall fail,
And thy feet are turned to the narrow vale,
And the waters of death, so dark and cold,
Shall o'er *thee* roll as o'er *me* they rolled,
I will touch thy hand, in the wave so chill ;
Mother ! dear mother ! I'm with thee still.

- 6 When the river is crossed and the journey done,
The conflict is over, the victory won,
And thy feet are firm on that glorious shore,
Where sorrow and parting are known no more,
Never more shall a tear thine eyelid fill;
There, there, sweet mother! I'm with thee still.
-

ONE BY ONE.

By Mrs. C. M. Stowe. 8s & 7s.

- ONE by one they crossed the river,
Members of our household band,
And we saw the frail bark waiting,
Moored upon the golden strand.
First our Willie — blue-eyed baby —
All at once forgot to play,
And an angel came and bore him
O'er the river far away.
- 2 One by one the bark they entered,
Loved ones from our fireside,
And I watched them o'er the river
In the light boat swiftly glide, —
Willie first, then Maggie, darling,
With her curls of golden hair
Unimprisoned on her bosom,
Floating o'er her shoulders bare.
- 3 One by one the bark they entered,
And I saw it borne away
O'er the waves upon the river,
Lost amid the dashing spray.
Next my stately, dark-eyed sister,
As her breath came soft and low,
Smiled and said, "The boat is waiting,
All unmoored, and I must go."

4 One by one, and still the boatman
 Moored the shallop to the shore ;
 And we held our breath, expecting
 Soon to hear him at the door.
 Sister Cora heard him knocking,
 Paled her cheeks to driven snow,
 And the death-dews bathed her forehead ;
 She too, whispered, " I must go."

5 One by one they crossed the river,
 Four from out our household band,
 When one morn I saw the shallop,
 Moved by angels, reach the sand.
 Here were Willie, Maggie, darling,
 And my dark-eyed sister too ;
 And my sister Cora whispered,
 " We have come to visit you."

6 One by one they crossed the river,
 In a shallop light and frail ;
 But they all returned together
 In a bark with snowy sail.
 Cora spoke of lovely flowers,
 Brother of the farther shore ;
 Willie dear, and darling Maggie
 Kissed my forehead o'er and o'er.

THE LITTLE MOUND ON THE HILL.

From "Herald of Progress." — By J. C. Smith.

THERE'S a small green mound on the hill,
 By Michigan's golden wave ;
 My throbbing heart, be still, —
 'Tis my only grandchild's grave !
 Tread lightly, ye angels that trip o'er his bed,
 For dear is his dust, though the spirit has fled.

2 The cradle is empty now,
 There's a vacant stool at the board ;
 Here's a wreath I wove for his brow,
 His raiment and toys are stored ;
Oh, who shall now mock the canary bird's voice,
Or teach my lone spirit look up and rejoice ?

3 Thou hast flown from my lone bower,
 From thy home on my breast, sweet bird ;
 Yet oft in the evening hour
 Are notes of thy love-song heard.
Oh, come, little Frank, to thy grandma's knee,
My poor heart is yearning, is breaking for thee !

4 In sorrow, in pain, in joy,
 My lovely dear girl gave thee birth ;
 And my soul leaned out to the boy,
 As the choicest boon of earth ;
Ah, but little I deemed him a *borrowed* boon,
And that heaven would ask his return so soon.

5 With flowers let me deck his bed,
 Pale flowers from the shadowy wood,
 To garland the dear early dead,
 Resting here in solitude ;
In silence of twilight I'll kneel on this sod,
And invoke for my darling the blessings of God.

6 Oh, soon may I see his form,
 All radiant with joy and love,
 No longer the food for the worm, —
 Deathless and gorgeous above ;
Look upward ; he beckons ! Yes, darling, I see,
And o'er land and river I'll hasten to thee !

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SISTER SPIRIT, STAY NOT HERE.

By C. H. Smith, A. M. — *Tune*, p. 36, "S. S. Bell."

SEE an angel flying, flying ;
 Father, mother, brother, dear !
 Hark ! his voice is sighing, sighing,
" Sister spirit, stay not here."
 Dearest father, I must leave thee,
 With the angel fly away ;
 Dearest father, cease to grieve thee,
 Oh ! I would no longer stay.

2 Music, — hear it ! ringing, ringing,
 Earth is dark, I cannot see,
 Seraph voices singing, singing,
" Sister spirit, 'tis for thee."
 I can hear them, mother, listen !
 They are smiling now on you ;
 And how bright their faces glisten !
 Oh ! I know their love is true.

3 Vision ? no ! we're going, going,
 Now the angel speaks to me ;
" For thy trust while sowing, sowing,
" Sister spirit, thou art free."
 Oh ! a crown within the portal,
 Held by hands so pure and white !
 Brother, dear, its gems immortal,
 Shine with rays of matchless light.

4 Weep no more, dear mother, mother,
 Angels soon will seek thine ear ;
 And so soft, oh ! father, brother,
Whisper " Spirit, stay not here."
 Now, farewell, I go, I leave thee,
 With the angel fly away ;
 Dearest loved ones, cease to grieve thee,
 For I can no longer stay.

THOU ART GONE.

From "Herald of Progress."

THOU art gone !
 Thou art gone to a land more fair ;
 Thy glorified spirit hath passed on before,
 Thou hast crossed the dark lake to a brighter shore,
 Waiting us there.

2 Thou art gone !
 Thou art gone to thy peaceful rest ;
 Sweet wild flowers bloom o'er thine early grave ;
 Their long, drooping branches the lone willows wave
 Over thy breast.

3 Thou art gone !
 Thou art gone where no sorrows come ;
 Where the cold voice of censure's forever dumb ;
 And the flowers of love shall immortally bloom
 In that blest home.

4 Thou art gone !
 Thou art gone, yet why should we weep ?
 Why should we mourn 'neath the dark pall of sorrow !
 We shall meet thee again on a happier morrow
 After we sleep.

5 Thou art gone !
 Thou art gone where bright angels stray ;
 Where the dark clouds of error are no more found ;
 But truth in its fulness shall ever abound
 In glorious way.

6 Thou art gone !
 Thou art gone to a land more fair ;
 And when we have passed through the valley of life,
 And freed from its sorrow, its care, and its strife,
 We'll meet thee there.

FUNERAL OF SPURZHEIM.

Written by Rev. J. Pierpont. — Sung at the Old South Church, Boston, 1882.

BROTHER, there is bending o'er thee
 Many an eye with sorrow wet ;
 All our stricken hearts deplore thee ;
 Who that knows thee can forget ?
 Who forget what thou hast spoken ?
 Who those eyes, thy noble frame ?
 But that golden bowl is broken,
 In the greatness of thy fame.

2 Autumn's leaves shall fall and wither
 On the spot where thou dost rest ;
 'Tis in love we bear thee thither
 To thy mourning mother's breast.
 For the stores of science brought us,
 For the charm thy goodness gave,
 To the lessons thou hast taught us,
 Can we give thee but a grave ?

3 Nature's priest, how pure and fervent
 Was thy worship at her shrine !
 Friend of man, of God the servant,
 Advocate of truths divine !
 Taught and charmed as by no other,
 We have been, and hoped to be ;
 Wert while waiting, 'round thee brother,
 For thy light, was't dark with thee ?

4 Dark with thee ! No ! thy Creator,
 All whose creatures and whose laws
 Thou didst love, shall give thee Light greater
 Than earth's, as death withdraws.
 To thy God, thy god-like spirit
 Back we give in filial trust,
 Thy cold clay, we grieve to bear it
 To its chamber ; *but we must.*

THE ANGELS TOLD ME SO.

By Rev. Sidney Dyer. — Music by H. Waters, 481 Broadway, N. Y.

THOUGH they may lay beneath the ground
 The form of Alle dear,
 I know his spirit hovers round
 And mingles with us here ;
 His home may be in heaven above,
 Yet oft to us below,
 He will return to breathe his love ;
 The angels told me so.
 CHORUS.—The angels told me so.
 He will return to breathe his love,
 The angels told me so.

2 His form reposed upon the bier,
 In sweet, cherubic rest,
 When others came to shed a tear,
 And ease the aching breast.
 But Willie felt no throbbing pain,
 As he repeats, " I know
 Dear Alle will come back again ;
 The angels told me so."
 CHORUS.—The angels told me, &c.

3 And as he gazed, his eyes grew bright,
 And joy o'erspread his brow,
 While he exclaimed, in rapt delight,
 " Oh, there is Alle now !"
 I knew he would return to see
 Those he so loved below,
 And be a brother still to me ;
 The angels told me so.
 CHORUS.—The angels told me, &c.

AN ANGEL IN THE CLOUD.

By G. W. Bungay.—Tune, p. 84, "S. S. Bell."

THERE, sheltered from the wolves and cold,
 Dear little lambs within the fold,
 Are watched with more than shepherd's care ;
 No harm befalls the meekest there.
 Sweet darling, on thy mother's knee,
 Sleeping as sleeps a wave at sea ;
 Rocked on the billows of her breast,
 Thy sleep emblems thy future rest.

2 There is an angel in the room,
 Whose presence, like the starry bloom
 Of heaven, radiates the light,
 As though the sun arose at night.
 That angel whispered to the child,
 And then the little cherub smiled.
 It told the sinless babe to fly
 To realms of beauty in the sky.

3 The angel vanished, and a cloud
 Came with a coffin and a shroud,
 But heaven, reflected in a tear,
 Displayed a seraph hovering near.
 So let us live that we may all
 Find transport on our shoulders fall ;
 There's room enough for all above,
 For heaven is vast as boundless love.

"WHY SEEK YE THE LIVING AMONG THE
 DEAD?"

"Monthly Religious Magazine."

HEED well what the angel to mourners said,
 And write that evangel,
 "Why come with your grieving to this low bed ?
 Why seek ye the living among the dead ?"

2 The ground is no holder of one dear head ;
 They never can moulder, why call them dead ?
 To memory's high places my heart is led ;
 In heaven I seek them, they are not dead.

THE VOLUNTEER'S BURIAL.

By Park Benjamin.

- T**IS eve ; one brightly beaming star
Shines from the eastern heaven afar,
To light the footsteps of the brave,
Slow marching to a comrade's grave.
- 2 And whose the form, all stark and cold,
Thus ready for the loosened mould,
And stretched upon so rude a bier ?
Thine, soldier, thine ! the Volunteer.
- 3 Poor Volunteer ! the shot, the blow,
Or swift disease hath laid him low ;
And few his early loss deplore —
His battle fought, his journey o'er.
- 4 Alas ! no wife's fond arms caressed,
His cheek no tender mother pressed ;
No pitying soul was by his side,
As lonely in his tent he died.
- 5 He died — the Volunteer — at noon ;
At evening came the small platoon
That soon will leave him to his rest,
With sods upon his manly breast.
- 6 Hark to their fire ! his only knell —
More solemn than the passing bell ;
For, ah ! it tells a spirit flown,
Unshriven, to the home unknown.
- 7 Alas ! like him, how many more
Lie cold upon Potomac's shore !
How many green unnoted graves
Are bordered by those placid waves !
- 8 Wake ! soldier, wake ! from sorrow free,
And sin and strife. 'Tis well with thee.
'Tis well ; though not a single tear
Laments the buried Volunteer !

THOU WHO THE WOES OF EARTH HAST
BORNE.

C. M.

- WHEN, in the hours of vernal bloom,
Some unseen angel's hand
Leads one we love beyond the tomb,
To heaven's serener land :
- 2 The shadow of that angel's wing
Falls darker on our way,
That midst the budding life of spring,
We look not for decay.
- 3 She whom we mourn, while hope was bright,
And life was fresh and fair,
To the celestial fields of light
Hath passed from earthly care.
- 4 In the soft rest and sweet repose
Of that fair realm of bliss,
Her gentle spirit waits for those
She loved and left in this.
- 5 Thou who the woes of earth hast borne,
And human sorrow known,
Help us to bear this grief, who mourn,
As Thou didst bear thine own !

'TIS SWEET TO KNOW.

By Willie Ware. 4s & 6s.

- TIS sweet to know
That here below
Are those who love us well ;
And by their eye
And cheeks' warm dye
Their love for us they tell.
- 2 'Tis far more sweet
To know we'll meet
With those who've gone before,
To their homes above,
In the land of love,
And safely reached its shore.

LOVED ANNABEL.

As sung by Charles Melville.

DRAW aside the snowy curtains,
 Let me gaze on her once more,
 Let me see those radiant features
 Cruel death hath shaded o'er.
 Pale and wan, all hushed and silent,
 Slumbers now loved Annabel ;
 And a lonely grave they've made her,
 By the streamlet in the dell.

2 By the streamlet whose rejoicing
 We have often paused to hear,
 There she rests in peaceful slumber,
 There I oft will drop a tear ;
 Not because I dearly loved her,
 Will I weep above her tomb,
 For I know that love immortal
 In eternity will bloom.

3 But I mourn the dear departed
 For her purity and worth,
 For the graces she imparted,
 E'er her spirit left the earth.
 But I joy when I remember,
 In a world all bright and fair,
 Annabel an angel shineth,
 Dwelling now where seraphs are.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

By J. D. Robinson, of Newburyport.

IAM all alone in my chamber now,
 And the midnight hour is near ;
 And the fagot's crack and the clock's dull tick
 Are the only sounds I hear.
 And over my soul, in its solitude,
 Sweet feelings of sadness glide ;
 For my heart and my eyes are full, when I think
 Of the little boy that died.

- 2 I went one night to my father's house, —
Went home to the dear ones all, —
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son ;
She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her head fell on her neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.
- 3 And when I gazed on his innocent face,
As still and cold he lay,
And thought what a lovely child he had been,
And how soon he must decay :
“ Oh Death, thou lovest the beautiful,”
In the woe of my spirit I cried,
For sparkled the eyes, and the forehead was fair
Of the little boy that died !
- 4 Again I will go to my father's house —
Go home to the dear ones all,
And sadly I'll open the garden gate,
And sadly the door of the hall.
I shall meet my mother ; but never more
With her darling by her side ;
But she'll kiss me, and sigh, and weep again
For the little boy that died.
- 5 I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played ;
I shall miss him more by the fireside
When the flowers have all decayed.
I shall see his toys, and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride ;
And they will speak, with a silent speech,
Of the little boy that died.

- 6 I shall see his little sister again
 With her playmates about the door ;
 And I'll watch the children in their sports
 As I never did before ;
 And if in the group I see a child
 That's dimpled and laughing-eyed,
 I'll look to see if it may not be
 The little boy that died.
- 7 We shall all go home to our Father's house —
 To our Father's house in the skies,
 Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,
 And our love no broken ties :
 We shall roam on the banks of the River of Peace,
 And bathe in its blissful tide ;
 And one of the joys of our heaven shall be
 The little boy that died.
- 8 And therefore, when I am sitting alone,
 And the midnight hour is near,
 When the fagot's crack and the clock's dull tick
 Are the only sounds I hear,
 Oh, sweet o'er my soul in its solitude,
 Are the feelings of sadness that glide ;
 Though my heart and my eyes are full when I think
 Of the little boy that died.

THE SONG OF LITTLE JIM.

By Cousin Benja.

DEAR mother, listen to my song,
 It thrills my very soul ;
 I feel that I shall pass away,
 While you are growing old ;
 But, mother, do not weep for me,
 While waiting here below ;
 I shall return to breathe my love, —
 " The angels told me so ! "

- 2 I have a little sister dear,
 In yonder spirit home ;
 She's looking o'er the battlements,
 And beck'ning me to come ;
 So, when the angels call for me,
 I certainly must go ;
 She wants her brother with her there, —
 " The angels told me so."
- 3 And, mother, when your locks are gray,
 And father's eyes grow dim,
 When you shall hear the music play
 From Heaven's seraphim,
 We'll come down like a spirit lark,
 When you are called to go,
 And lead you o'er the river dark, —
 " The angels told me so."

THATCHWOOD COTTAGE, September, 1863.

THOU ART GONE BEFORE.

8s & 7s.

- T**HOU art gone before us, brother,
 To the blessed spirit-land ;
 Thou art gone, and soon another
 In thy vacant place may stand.
- 2 Oh ! thy pleasant smile of greeting
 Nevermore shall glad our eyes ;
 And thy voice, the hymn repeating,
 Nevermore with ours shall rise.
- 3 But thy spirit may be near us
 Sometimes, brother, on our way,
 And its happier presence cheer us
 In our prayer, or in our play.
- 4 Peace be with thee, O our brother !
 In the blessed spirit land ;
 Thou'rt not lost, although another
 In thy vacant place may stand.

M I S C E L L A N Y .

HYMNS IN A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS AND METRES.

HOME IN HEAVEN.

- A** HOME in heaven ! what a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot !
His heart opprest, and with anguish driven,
From his home below, to his home in heaven.
- 2 A home in heaven ! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home ; what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.
- 3 A home in heaven ! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.
- 4 A home in heaven ! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead ;
We wait in hope on the promise given,
To meet them all in our home in heaven.
- 5 A home in heaven ! when the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl by the terror-stroke ;
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,
We will then fly up to our home in heaven.

FATHER, I THANK THEE THAT I LIVE.

Condensed from Miss Sprague, through Miss Lizzie Doten.

O THOU ! whose love is changeless,
Both now and evermore ;
Source of all conscious being !
Thy goodness I adore.
Lord, I would ever praise thee
For all thy love can give ;
But most of all, O Father !
I thank thee that I live.

2 I live ! O ye who loved me !
Your faith was not in vain ;
Back through the shadowy valley
I come to you again.
Safe in the love that guides me,
With fearless feet I tread ;
My home is with the angels ;
Oh, say not I am dead !

3 Not dead ! oh no, but lifted
Above all earthly strife ;
Now first I know the meaning,
And feel the power of life ;
The power to rise uncumbered
By woe, or want, or care ;
To breathe fresh inspiration
From pure, celestial air ;

4 To stand in spellbound rapture
On some celestial height,
And see God's glorious sunshine
Dispel the shades of night ;
To feel that all creation
With love and joy is rife ;
This, O my earthly loved ones,
This is eternal life !

- 5 Thus by that world of beauty,
 And by that life of love,
 And by the holy angels
 Who listen, now, above,
 I pledge my soul's endeavor
 To do whate'er I can
 To bless my sister woman,
 And aid my brother man.
-

FRIEND AFTER FRIEND DEPARTS

"Wesleyan Sacred Harp." — Tune, p. 22.

- F**RRIEND after friend departs ;
 Who has not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end.
 Were this frail world our only rest,
 Living or dying, none were blest.
- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond this vale of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is more than breath ;
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upward to expire.
- 3 There is a world above
 Where parting is unknown ;
 A whole eternity of love,
 Formed for the good alone ;
 And faith beholds the dying here,
 Translated to that happy sphere.
- 4 Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are passed away,
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day ;
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,
 But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

ANGEL LOVE-NOTES.

Written for this Work by C. Fannie Allen, East Bridgewater, Mass.—Tune, Edinburgh.

EARTH-BROTHERS and sisters, we come from
 above,
 On missions of mercy, of truth, and of love,
 To take from your hearts all emotions of fear,
 That your own Spirit-Father in light may appear.
 Yes, we come from above,
 With mortals to rove,
 To sustain you through earth-life with a pure, heavenly
 love.

- 2 Then, friends, look around you ! all Nature will tell
 That Christ even now in the earth's sphere doth dwell.
 Go seek ye your God in the deep rolling sea,
 The flower and the dew-drop, the mountain and lea.
 Then to nature's God go,

 1 And pure blessing shall flow,
 As you'll find him and can love him in the earth-sphere
 below.

- 3 Our influence o'er you is gentle and pure,
 That ye may with power the world's scorn endure ;
 That you shall the better unfold with the earth,
 The clear lovely glow of the spiritual birth ;
 Then onward, earth-friend,

 1 While your course upwards tend,
 Ever trusting, believing, we will guide to the end.

- 4 Condemning no mortal, go ye to the home
 Of the fallen and erring, the vile, and the lone ;
 Go forth, breathing love, truth, and angelic lore,
 And holy examples of " sinning no more ;"
 And your life's bark shall glide
 Safe, for " loved ones " will guide,
 And they'll welcome you gladly as ye pass o'er the
 tide.

- 5 O brothers and sisters, faint not, but toil on ;
 A glorious religion now brightens the dawn.

Unfolding the Christ-creed in every heart true,
Of "Love one another as I have loved you."

Then in harmony blend,
Each as brother and friend,
And each heart will gladly echo, "Hallelujah, amen."

THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

By Mrs. O. S. Matteson. — Tune, p. 44, "Waters's Choral Harp."

THERE'S a beautiful shore, where the loved ones are
gone,

'Mid the flowers decked in evergreen bloom,
And we know they have crossed over the dark death-
wave,

And they dwell in that bright angel home.
They have fought the good fight, and the faith have kept;
And they join in the angel throng;
And the soft, melting notes of the chorus above,
In beauty is borne along.

CHORUS.—There's a beautiful shore where the loved ones
are gone;

A beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone.

2 Oh, that beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone,
And the flowers and the evergreen trees,
We shall see when the death-damp is on our brow,
And the breath faintly dies on the breeze;
We shall meet the loved ones who have gone before,
And have bloomed in the world of souls;
When our spirits shall pass to that happy shore,
Our bodies the tomb below.

CHORUS.—There's a beautiful shore, &c.

3 To that beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone,
To the flowers and the evergreen glade,
We shall one day pass, like the brave of yore,
And bask in the beautiful shade.
We must bear the good part, must not shrink from toil,
Till the pilot shall bear us o'er
To the union of hearts in the land of the blest,
Where parting shall come no more.

CHORUS.—There's a beautiful shore, &c.

THE NEW ERA.

*Written for this Work by R. Towner, of Burns, Wis.—Tune, "Webb," in
"Jubilee," p. 248. 7s & 6s.*

- A NEW and blessed era
Has dawned upon our race ;
The spirit-world seems nearer,
And friends o'er death embrace.
It has been shown to mortals
That friends from spirit-land
Can greet us through the portals,
And join us hand in hand.
- 2 We have new revelations,
Unfolding past things true ;
Spreading to all the nations
The wonders brought to view ;
Proving that God is loving, —
A father to us all, —
That man is onward moving ;
The high, the mien, the small.
- 3 The heavenly hosts assisting,
Makes man's progressing sure ;
And we the wrong resisting,
Are striving to be pure.
Press onward, then, ye mortals,
The better land's in view,
And through the heavenly portals
Your friends will come to you.
- 4 Yes, " Jacob's ladder " standing,
Cannot be torn away ;
" Ascending and descending,"
Friends come to earth to-day.
Oh ! how it will rejoice us
When we are called on high ;
For death no more annoys us ;
We know we cannot die !

COME THIS WAY, FATHER, DEAR.

I REMEMBER a voice which once guided my way,
 When tossed on the sea-fog, enshrouded I lay ;
 'Twas the voice of a child, as he stood on the shore,
 It sounded like music o'er the dark billow's roar, —

CHORUS.

“ Come this way, father dear, steer straight for me ;
 Here, safe on the shore, I am waiting for thee.”

- 2 I remember that voice as it led our lone way,
 'Midst rocks and through breakers, and high dashing
 spray ;
 How sweet to my heart did it sound from the shore,
 As it echoed so clearly o'er the dark billow's roar, —

CHORUS.

Come this way, father dear, steer straight for me ;
 Here, safe on the shore, I am waiting for thee.

- 3 I remember my joy, when I held to my breast
 The form of that dear one, and soothed it to rest ;
 For the tones of my child whispered soft in my ear,
 I called you dear, father, and I knew you would hear.

CHORUS.

Come this way, father dear, o'er the dark sea,
 While safe on the shore I am waiting for thee.

- 4 That voice is now hushed, which then guided my way,
 The form I then pressed is now mingling with clay ;
 But the tones of my child still sound in my ear,
 I'm calling you, father, oh ! can you not hear ?

CHORUS.

Come this way, father dear, steer straight for me,
 For on a bright shore I am waiting for thee.

- 5 I remember that voice in many a lone hour,
 It speaks to my heart with fresh beauty and power ;
 And still echoes far out o'er life's troubled wave,
 And sounds from loved lips now lying still in the
 grave.

CHORUS.

Come this way, father dear, steer straight for me,
 Here, safely in heaven, I am waiting for thee.

GOING HOME.

Tune, p. 64, "Bradbury's Golden Shower." 10s & 9s.

THROUGH a strange country as pilgrims we stray
 For we are going, going, going home.
 Onward we go, through the swift fading day,
 For we are going, going, going home ;
 Weary our march since the fair rosy dawn,
 Long is the distance we've travelled since morn,
 But we regret not the hours that are gone,
 For we are going, going, going home.

2 Why should we gather earth's withering flowers,
 When we're going, going, going home ;
 Soon shall we tread the fair heavenly bowers,
 For we are going, going, going home ;
 There, fragrant garlands immortal will bloom,
 Untouched by blight, and unshadowed by gloom,
 And never strewing the path to the tomb ;
 For we're going, going, going home.

3 Hark ! 'tis the storm crashing loud through the pine
 We are going, going, going home ;
 See the faint glimmering light that now shines,
 We are going, going, going home.
 Little we heed the wild roar of the wind,
 Onward we still look, and never behind ;
 This thought alone gives sweet peace to our mind,
 We are going, going, going home.

4 Soon we shall hear the glad welcoming voice,
 We are going, going, going home ;
 Bidding our spirits forever rejoice,
 We are going, going, going home ;
 Home to our mansion prepared in the sky,
 Where we can never more suffer or die ;
 Oh ! let our anthem of praise ring on high !
 We are going, going, going home.

A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.

By Kate Cameron. — Tune, p. 20, "Bradbury's Golden Shower." Duet.

Q. — **T**RAVELLER, whither art thou going,
Heedless of the clouds that form ?

A. — Naught to me the wind's rough blowing,
Mine's a land without a storm.

CHORUS. — And I'm going, yes, I'm going
To that land that has no storms ;
And I'm going, yes, I'm going
To that land that has no storms.

2 Q. — Traveller, art thou here a stranger,
Not to fear the tempest's power ?

A. — I have not a thought of danger,
Though the sky more darkly lower.

CHORUS. — And I'm going, yes, I'm, &c.

3 Q. — Traveller, now a moment linger,
Soon the darkness will be o'er.

A. — No ! I see a beckoning finger,
Guiding to a far-off shore.

CHORUS. — And I'm going, yes, I'm, &c.

4 Q. — Traveller, yonder narrow portal
Opens to receive thy form.

A. — Yes ! but I shall be immortal
In that land without a storm.

CHORUS. — And I'm going, yes, I'm, &c.

THE SPIRIT'S CALL.

Mrs. B. L. Corbin. — From "Banner of Light." — Air, "Do they miss me at home ?"

THEY are calling me home, they are calling,
I hear their sweet voices e'en now ;

There is music, rich music, around me,
And angels are fanning my brow.

Then ask me not longer to tarry,

Where care, pain, and sorrow can come ;
I'd leave this frail casket and fly, for

They are calling, they are calling me home.

- 2 They are calling me home, they are calling,
 And nought could my spirit retain ;
 A voice from yon heaven has reached me,
 With the promise of freedom and gain.
 My spirit is sad, lone, and weary,
 And the angels are bidding me come ;
 Familiarly sweet are the love-tones,
 And they are calling me, calling me home.
- 3 They are calling me home, they are calling,
 Earth's love I must bid an adieu ;
 But grieve not my early departure,
 For soon we'll be calling for you.
 Not long will I linger in absence,
 But oft to the loved ones I'll come ;
 Oh, then, for the present I'll fly, for
 They are calling, they are calling me home.
- 4 They are calling me home, they are calling,
 A halo encircles me round ;
 They're approaching with flowers and music,
 Enraptured I list to the sound.
 There's a joy pervading my being, —
 I see the bright band, they have come.
 Oh, I'm breathing the perfume of heaven,
 For they are bearing me, bearing me home.

GOD IS LOVE.

By P. A. S. 7s & 6s & 3s.

HEAR the wild bird sweetly sing,
 God is love, God is love ;
 Hear the brooklet murmuring,
 God is love ;
 Hear the gentle summer breeze
 Whispering amid the trees,
 While all Nature's sweet decrees
 All proclaim that God is love ;
 God is mercy, truth, and love.

- 2 Look on nature's broad expanse,
 See his love, see his love ;
While each scene the soul enchants,
 See his love ;
See the rainbow's many hue,
See the sky's expanse of blue,
See the morning's sparkling dew,
 Each one showing forth his love ;
 He is wisdom, truth, and love.
- 3 Look upon the starry sky,
 See his love, see his love ;
In each star that shines on high,
 See his love ;
See the planets ever roll ;
Balanced in the mighty whole
By the Father God's control,
 All proclaiming God is love ;
 God is justice, truth, and love.
- 4 Look in spring-time on the field,
 See his love, see his love ;
In each flower his face revealed,
 All in love ;
In the ocean's deepest cave,
Where the sea-flowers proudly wave,
While the dolphins 'mid them lave,
 There behold his truth and love,
 See his wisdom, truth, and love.
- 5 In the bright, bright summer-land
 There is love, there is love ;
Far beyond earth's troubled strand
 There is love ;
In that land of lasting joy,
Pure from earth's foul, foul alloy,
Nothing can our peace destroy ;
 We will see his endless love,
 See his changeless truth and love.

ALL IS WELL.

WHAT is this that steals, that steals upon my frame;
Is it death, is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame;
Is it death, is it death?
If this is death I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free;
I shall the King of glory see.
All is well! all is well!

2 Weep not my friends, weep not for me,
All is well! all is well!
My light is clear, my path is free.
All is well! all is well!
There's not a cloud that doth arise
To hide my mansion from my eyes,
I soon shall soar in brighter skies.
All is well! all is well!

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory.
All is well! all is well!
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story.
All is well! all is well!
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home.
All is well! all is well!

4 Hark, hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me.
All is well! all is well!
I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory.
All is well! all is well!
Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu!
I can no longer stay with you,
My glittering crown appears in view.
All is well! all is well!

FROM THE RECESSES OF A LOWLY SPIRIT.

Chant.

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,
 Our humble prayer ascends, O Father, hear it !
 Borne on the trembling wings of fear and meekness ;
 Forgive its weakness.

- 2 We know, we feel how mean, and how unworthy
 The lowly sacrifice we pour before thee ;
 What can we offer thee, O Thou most holy !
 But sin and folly.
- 3 We see thy hand, it leads us, it supports us ;
 We hear thy voice, it counsels, and it courts us,
 And then we turn away ! yet still thy kindness
 Forgives our blindness.
- 4 Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing
 To every generous thought and grateful feeling !
 Oh ! who can hear the accents of thy mercy,
 And never love thee.
- 5 Kind Benefactor, plant within this bosom
 The seeds of holiness, and let them blossom
 In fragrance, and in beauty bright and vernal,
 And spring eternal.
- 6 Then place them in those everlasting gardens
 Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens ;
 Where every flower, brought safe through death's dark
 portal,
 Becomes immortal.

OH, THAT BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

By W. R. Bowen. — Tunc, p. 18, " Sabbath School Bell."

WE are going home, we've had visions bright,
 Of that holy land, that world of light ;
 Where the long, dark night of time is past,
 And the morn of eternity dawns at last ;
 Where the weary saint no more shall roam,
 But dwell in a happy, peaceful home ;
 Where the brow with sparkling gems is crowned,
 And the waves of bliss are flowing round !
 Oh, that beautiful world ! Oh, that beautiful world.

- 2 We are going home, we soon shall be
 Where the sky is clear, and all are free ;
 Where the victor's song floats o'er the plains,
 And the seraph's anthems blend with its strains ;
 Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood,
 And beams on a world that is fair and good ;
 Where stars, once dimmed at nature's doom,
 Will ever shine o'er the new earth-bloom.
 Oh, that beautiful world ! Oh, that beautiful world !
- 3 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,
 'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness ;
 'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid angels' cheer,
 'Mid the saints that round the throne appear ;
 Where the conqueror's song as it sounds afar,
 Is wafted on the ambrosial air ;
 Through endless years we then shall prove
 The death of a Saviour's matchless love.
 Oh, that beautiful world ! Oh, that beautiful world.

PILGRIM AND STRANGER.

Tune in " Spirit Minstrel."

- I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
 Do not detain me, for I am going
 To where the streamlets are ever flowing.
- CHORUS. — I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
- 2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
 I am longing, I am longing for the sight ;
 Within a country unknown and dreary
 I have wandered forlorn and weary.
- CHORUS. — I'm a pilgrim, &c.
- 3 Of that country to which I am going,
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light ;
 There is no sorrow, or any sighing,
 Or any sin, or any dying.
- CHORUS. — I'm a pilgrim, &c.

I'M A TRAVELLER.

By N. Billings. — Tune, " Wesleyan Sacred Harp," p. 228.

- I'M a lonely traveller here, weary, oppressed ;
 But my journey's end is near, soon I shall rest ;
 Dark and dreary is the way, toiling I come ;
 Ask me not with you to stay, yonder's my home.
- 2 I'm a weary traveller here, I must go on ;
 For my journey's end is near, I must be gone ;
 Brighter joys than earth can give win me away ;
 Pleasures that forever live, — I cannot stay.
- 3 I'm a traveller to a land where all is fair ;
 Where are seen no broken bands ; all, all are there ;
 Where no tears shall ever fall, no heart be sad ;
 Where the glory is for all, and all are glad.
- 4 I'm a traveller, and I go where all is fair ;
 Farewell all I've loved below ; I must be there.
 Worldly honors, hopes, and gain, all I resign ;
 Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain, if heaven be mine.
- 5 I'm a traveller ; call me not ; upward's my way ;
 Yonder is my rest and lot, I cannot stay.
 Farewell earthly pleasures all, pilgrim I'll roam ;
 Hail me not, in vain you call, yonder's my home.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

A Chant.

IF any be distressed, and fain would gather
 Some comfort, let him haste unto
 Our Father.
 For we of hope and help are quite bereaven
 Except thou succor us
 Who art in heaven.
 Thou showest mercy, therefore for the same
 We praise Thee, singing
 Hallowed be thy name.
 Of all our miseries cast up the sum ;
 Show us thy joys, and let
 Thy kingdom come.

We mortal are, and alter from our birth ;
Thou constant art ;

Thy will be done on earth.

Thou madest the earth as well as planets even,
Thy name be blessed here

As 'tis in heaven.

Nothing we have to use or debts to pay,
Except thou give it us.

Give us this day

Wherewith to clothe us, wherewith to be fed,
For without thee we want

Our daily bread.

We want, but want no faults, for no day passes
But we do sin ;

Forgive us our trespasses,

No man from sinning ever free did live ;

Forgive us, Lord, our sins,

As we forgive.

If we repent our faults, thou ne'er disdainest us,
We pardon

Them that trespass against us ;

Forgive us that is past, a new path tread us ;

Direct us always in thy faith,

And lead us,

We, thine own people and thy chosen nation,
Into all truth, but

Not into temptation.

Thou that of all good graces art the giver,
Suffer us not to wander,

But deliver

Us from the fierce assaults of world and devil
And flesh, so shalt thou free

Us from all evil.

To these petitions let both church, and laymen,
With one consent of heart and voice, say

Amen.

THE BRIGHT HILLS OF GLORY.

By Mrs. Lydia Baxter. — Tune, p. 72, "Bradbury's Golden Shower."

OH, give me a harp on the bright hills of glory,
 A home when life's sorrows are o'er,
 Where joys that await the meek and the lowly,
 Will more than famed Eden restore.

CHORUS. — Where the new song is given
 To the loved ones in heaven,
 And the angels reëcho the song ;
 Where the new song is given
 To the loved ones in heaven,
 And the angels reëcho the song.

2 Oh, there let me roam on the banks of the river,
 Escorted by angels along ;
 And with them adore the bounteous Giver,
 Whose love is rehearsed by the throng.

CHORUS. — Where the new song is given, &c.

3 There sweetly we'll rest in those mansions forever,
 And bask in the fulness of love ;
 Where fields are all bright with flowerets that never
 Shall wither in Eden above.

CHORUS.—Where the new song is given, &c.

SERENA.

8s & 6s.

TIS told in mythologic lore
 How, in the golden days of yore,
 The angels walked with men ;
 But I had deemed those ages past,
 As back a longing look I cast,
 And sighed for what had been.

2 Yet, on the road of life, one day
 I met an angel by the way,
 With heaven around her path ;
 And had I then sought heaven on high,
 The guardians of the upper sky
 Had sent me back to earth.

3 Fast by my side she stayed her flight,
 And folded up her pinions bright,
 And laid her hand on mine ;
 And then her glory-beaming eyes
 Like stars upon my night did rise,
 With influence divine.

4 This angel-guest is named SERENE ;
 And with pure soul and holy mien
 She's tarried here since then ;
 So now, as in the good time olden,
 Now, as in the ages golden,
 Angels may walk with men.

WE ARE GOING HOME TO DIE NO MORE.

By S. I. Anderson. 8s.

WE go the way that leads to God,
 The way that saints have ever trod ;
 So let us leave this sinful shore,
 For realms where we shall die no more.

CHORUS. — We are going home, we are going home,
 We are going home to die no more.

2 The ways of God are ways of bliss,
 And all his paths are happiness ;
 Then, weary souls, your sighs give o'er,
 We are going home to die no more.

CHORUS. — We are going home, &c.

3 There is a land beyond the sky,
 Where happy spirits never sigh,
 Then, erring souls, your sins deplore,
 And sing of where we'll die no more.

CHORUS. — We are going home, &c.

4 Come, sinners, come, oh, come along,
 And join our happy pilgrim throng ;
 Farewell, vain world, and all your store,
 We're going home to die no more.

CHORUS. — We are going home, &c.

GENTLE WORDS.

Air, "Good-By."

- A** GENTLE word hath a magic power,
The weary breast to beguile ;
It gladdens the eye and lightens the brow,
And changes the tear to a smile.
- 2 In the genial sunshine it sheds around,
The shadows of care depart ;
And we feel, in its gentle and soothing tone,
There's a balm for the wounded heart.
- 3 O watch thou, then, that thy lip ne'er breathe
A bitter, ungentle word ;
For that which is lightly and idly said,
Is often too deeply heard ;
- 4 And though for the moment it leave no trace, —
For pride will its woes conceal, —
Remember, the spirit that's calm and still,
Is always the first to feel.
- 5 It may not be in thy power, perchance,
To secure a lofty place,
Or blazon thy name on history's page,
As the friend of the human race ;
- 6 But, oft in the daily tasks of life,
Though the world behold thee not,
A gentle and kindly word may soothe
A brother's desponding lot.
- 7 Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is a portion of man,
We all should endeavor, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can.
- 8 Then let us learn to live in love,
Where'er our fortunes call ;
With a generous heart, a cheerful smile,
And a gentle word for all.

THE BOOKS OF NATURE AND SCRIPTURE.

P. M.

GREAT GOD, the heaven's well-ordered frame
 Declares the glories of thy name ;
 There thy rich works of wonder shine ;
 A thousand starry beauties there,
 A thousand radiant marks appear
 Of boundless power and skill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
 The dawning and the dying light
 Lectures of heavenly wisdom read ;
 With silent eloquence they raise
 Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
 And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine instructions run
 Far as the journeys of the sun,
 And every nation knows their voice ;
 The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
 Breaks from the chambers of the east,
 Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

WHAT SERAPH-LIKE MUSIC.

Tune, "Sweet Afton." 11s.

WHAT seraph-like music falls sweet on my ear,
 In strains so delightful ? Oh ! list that ye hear,
 Those rich, flowing numbers, so liquid and clear,
 Breathe rapture untold, from some heavenly sphere.

2 'Tis the sweet flowing music that steals o'er the wave
 Of Jordan's lone stream, as its billows I brave ;
 'Tis the music of angels who hasten to bear
 My soul o'er the waters to that blessed shore.

3 A glimpse of bright glory now beams on my sight,
 I sink in sweet visions of heaven's dawning light,
 Bright spirits are whispering so soft in my ear
 Of heaven, sweet heaven ! I long to be there.

EDEN OF LOVE.

From "Lute of Zion." — By J. J. Hicks. 12s & 11s.

- H**OW sweet to reflect on those joys that await us,
 In yon blissful region, the haven of rest ;
 Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet us,
 And lead us to mansions prepared for the blest ;
 Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded ;
 Our happiness perfect ; our mind-sky unclouded ;
 We'll bathe in an ocean of pleasure unbounded,
 And range with delight through the Eden of love.
- 2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
 Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
 The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
 In loud hallelujahs their voices shall raise ;
 Then songs to our God shall reëcho through heaven,
 My soul will respond, To Jehovah be given
 All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
 Who brought us through grace to the Eden of love.
- 3 Then hail, blessed state ! hail, ye songsters of glory,
 Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above !
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
 " Salvation from sorrow, through angelic love."
 Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
 Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
 Of joys that await me, when freed from probation ;
 My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.

BE SLOW TO CONDEMN.

L. M.

- O**H ! think of former happy days,
 When none could breathe a dearer name ;
 And if you can no longer praise,
 Be silent, and forbear to blame.
- 2 He may be all that you have heard ;
 If proved, 'twere folly to defend.
 Yet pause ere you believe one word
 "Breathed 'gainst the honor of a friend."

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

By Lucy Larcum. — Tune, p. 40, "Bradbury's Golden Chain."

IF I were a sunbeam,
 I know what I'd do ;
 I would seek white lilies,
 Roaming woodlands through.
 I would steal among them ;
 Softest light I'd shed,
 Until every lily raised its drooping head ;
 Until every lily raised its drooping head.

2 If I were a sunbeam,
 I know where I'd go ;
 In the lowest hovels,
 Dark with want and woe,
 'Till sad hearts looked upward,
 I would shine and shine !
 Then they'd think of heaven, their sweet home and mine.
 Then they'd think of heaven, their sweet home and mine.

3 Art thou not a sunbeam ;
 Thou whose life is glad
 With an inner radiance
 Sunshine never had ?
 Oh, as God has blessed thee,
 Scatter rays divine !
 For there is no sunbeam but must die or shine.
 For there is no sunbeam but must die or shine.

JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
 Bound for the land of the angels above ;
 Heavenly choristers sing as we come,
 Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home ;
 Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
 Home to the land of bright spirits we go
 Pilgrims and strangers, no more shall we roam,
 Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

- 2 Friends fondly cherished have passed on before ;
 Waiting they watch us approaching the shore ;
 Singing to cheer us through death's chilling gloom,
 Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home ;
 Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear ;
 Music of angels, your voices we hear ;
 Ringing with harmony heaven's high dome,
 Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
-

THE SUN-BRIGHT CLIME.

- H**AVE you heard, have you heard of the sun-bright
 clime,
 Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time ;
 Where age has no power o'er the fadeless frame ;
 Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame ? —
 Have you heard of that sun-bright clime ?
- 2 A river of water gushes there,
 And flowers of beauty strangely fair ;
 And thousand forms are hovering o'er
 The golden waves and the dashing shore,
 That are seen in that sun-bright clime.
- 3 Some millions of forms all bathed in light,
 With garments of beauty, radiant, bright ;
 They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
 'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers,
 That bloom in that sun-bright clime.
- 4 Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen
 Their heavenly forms and their changeless sheen,
 Their ensigns are waving, their banners unfurled
 O'er the jasper walls and gates of pearl
 That are fixed in that sun-bright clime.
- 5 But far, far away is that sinless clime,
 Undimmed by sorrow, unharmed by crime ;
 Where 'mid all things that are fair is given
 The home of the just, and its name is heaven ;
 That's the name of that sun-bright clime.

NOT GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

Tune, "Missionary Hymn."

- NOT Greenland's icy mountains,
Nor India's coral strand ;
No dark, or sunny fountains,
In any pagan land,
Calls louder to deliver
Their souls from error's chains,
Than here, by sea and river,
In all our streets and lanes.
- 2 What though our Christian altars
Are raised in costly style,
If Christian courage falters,
Nor strives to save the vile ;
In vain has God, in kindness,
His blessings on us strewn,
If here, in heathen blindness,
Men live, unblessed, unknown.
- 3 Was priest or Levite lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Who turned aside, and slighted
A fallen brother's cry ?
Salvation ! oh Salvation !
To sinners here proclaim,
The poor of every nation
Must learn Messiah's name.
- 4 Then waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our growing nature
The Truth, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

[The above hymn was arranged for the use of Five Points Gospel Union Mission, 42 Baxter Street, New York, by W. S. W.]

DO GOOD.

Words by Dr. Orton. — Music, "Sabbath School Bell," p. 12.

- “ **D**O good ! do good ! there’s ever a way,
 A way where there’s ever a will, a will ;
 Don’t wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day,
 And to-day, when the morrow comes, still.
 If you’ve money you’re armed
 And can find work enough, in every street, alley, and
 lane.
 If you’ve bread, cast it off, and the waters, though rough,
 Will be sure and return it again.
 CHORUS. — Do good ! do good ! there’s ever a way,
 A way where there’s ever a will, a will,
 Don’t wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day,
 And to-day when to-morrow comes still.
- 2 If you’ve any old clothes, an old bonnet, or hat,
 A kind word, or a smile true and soft,
 In the name of a brother confer it, and that
 Shall be counted as gold up aloft.
 God careth for all, and his glorious sun
 Shines alike on the rich and the poor ;
 Be thou like him and bless every one,
 And thou’lt be rewarded, sure.
 CHORUS. — Do good ! do good ! &c.

LOOKING FOR A BETTER LIFE.

- O** WHO, in such a world as this,
 Could bear his lot of pain,
 Did not one radiant hope of bliss
 Unclouded yet remain ?
- 2 That hope the sovereign Lord has given,
 Who reigns above the skies ;
 Hope that unites the soul to heaven
 By faith’s endearing ties.
- 3 Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
 Is sent in pitying love,
 To lift the lingering heart from earth,
 And speed its flight above.

THE EDEN ABOVE.

By Rev. W. Hunter. — Tune, "Dadman's Melodeon," p. 84. 12s & 11s.

WE'RE bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
 The home of the happy, the kingdom of love ;
 Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
 O say, will you go to the Eden of love ?
CHORUS. — Will you go, will you go, will you go ?
 O say, will you go to the Eden above ?

2 In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
 Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove ;
 Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
 O say, will you go to the Eden above ?
CHORUS. — Will you go, will you go, &c.

3 No poverty there, — no, the saints are all wealthy, —
 The heirs of His glory whose nature is love ;
 Nor sickness can reach them, that country is healthy ;
 O say, will you go to the Eden above ?
CHORUS. — Will you go, will you go, &c.

4 March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
 And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove ;
 Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
 And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
CHORUS. — We will go, &c.
 O yes, we will go to the Eden above.

KINGDOM COMING.

From Clark's "Sunday School Manual."

SAY, young folks, have you seen old Error,
 With a woeful-looking face ?
 All dressed in black and full of mourning,
 As though turned out of his place ?
 " Good-by Error, good-by forever,"
 Don't you hear the people say ?
 Take your old creed, leave very sudden,
 For nobody wants your stay ?

CHORUS. — Old Error runs ! good-by !
 The people stay, you see !
 It must be now the kingdom's coming,
 And the year of Jubilee

2 Old Error's ship had no good rudder,
 And none could turn her round ;
 The captain he was quite a poor sailor,
 And shook at a *rap-rap* sound ;
 The crew grew scared, as well as captain,
 And the boat ran on the sand ;
 But the folks got ashore on lighters
 Sent out from the Spirit-land.

CHORUS. — Old Error runs, &c.

3 The people now are happy living
 In the sunshine and the dawn,
 Which makes old Error still grow paler,
 For his " occupation's gone."
 We've truth and love from shining heaven,
 Earth and angels join as one,
 And flowers bloom o'er graves vacated,
 And spirits break the tomb.

CHORUS. — Old Error runs, &c.

4 Old gloomy Error brought us trouble,
 And he lashed and whipped us well,
 But he's gone off now, the poor, sad fellow ;
 We're out now, out of his school.
 His creed is lost, his darkness riven,
 He's had long enough his say ;
 He's seen enough, heard enough of this *rap-rap* gospel ;
 He runs from the raps away.

CHORUS. — Old Error runs, &c

THE CITY OF LIGHT.

By J. Hall. — Tune, p. 62, "Melodeon," by Dadman.

A BEAUTIFUL land of light I see,
 A land of rest from sorrow free ;
 The home of the righteous, bright and fair,
 And beautiful angels, they are there.
 CHORUS. — Will you go to that beautiful land ?
 Will you go to that beautiful land ?
 Yes, I'll go to that beautiful land !

2 That land is called the City of Light ;
 It ne'er has known the shades of night ;
 For the glory of God, as the light of day,
 Hath driven the darkness far away.

CHORUS. — Will you go to that, &c.

3 In vision I see its streets of gold,
 Its gates of pearl I too behold, —
 The river of life, the crystal sea,
 The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.

CHORUS. — Will you go to that, &c.

4 That beautiful land I mean to see,
 And join in its glorious harmony ;
 On the mount of God, through wrocks, I'll stand
 And share in the bliss of that beautiful land.

CHORUS. — Will you go to that, &c.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

By S. Webb. 11s & 10s.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ;
 Come, at the mercy-seat ; confidence feel ;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish ;
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure, —
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying, —
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life ; see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above ;
 Come to the feast of love ; come, ever knowing,
 Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

10s & 11s.

WHILE passing a garden I lingered to hear
A voice faint and plaintive, from One that was
there ;

The voice of the sufferer affected my heart,
While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.

- 2 I listened a moment, then turned me to see
What man of compassion this stranger might be !
I saw Him low kneeling upon the cold ground,
The loveliest BEING that ever was found.
- 3 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood, and tears !
I wept to behold him ! — I asked him his name ;
He answered, " 'Tis JESUS ! from heaven I came ! "

BLISS-INSPIRING HOPE.

8s & 6s.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel ;
A while forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears
To that celestial hill.

- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode ;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down ;
To patient faith the prize is sure ;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

THE VOICES.

By William Ross Wallace.

- T**HERE'S a voice from the heart of the mountains,
 A voice from the wind on the steep,
 And a voice from the sacred old fountains,
 And a voice from the mighty old deep ;
 Hark the chorus of grandeur and glory,
 With its burden of Nature's great story !
- 2 Now the tempest its trumpet is blowing ;
 Now the cataract joins in the song ;
 Now a deep voice is gloriously going
 In majesty through the whole throng ;
 'Tis a chorus of grandeur and glory,
 With its burden of Nature's great story !
- 3 Oh, I must not be silent ! Wake, lyre,
 Join the triumph that swells in the strain ;
 Fling abroad all thy jubilant fire ;
 Be a comrade of mountain and main ;
 Roll the chorus of grandeur and glory,
 With its burden of Nature's great story !

TIME PASSES.

11s.

- W**E number the days, and the months, and the years,
 As they pass by and leave us in joy or tears ;
 Regrets, disappointments, a groan, or a song,
 Is thy harvest, oh, Time, as thou passest along.
- 2 How oft we hear it : 'tis a question of time ;
 How often the old man looks back to his prime ;
 The youth is impatient till manhood arrives ;
 And man kindles hope while his manhood survives.
- 3 Oh, mortal ! thy moments are only with thee ;
 Thou alone canst decide what those moments shall be ;
 If in youth thou may'st study the good and the great,
 If in age there's a motto, — "'Tis never too late."
- 4 Be true to thyself, and thy Father on high ;
 For vice leaves its victims to suffer and die ;
 Then if many or few thy earth years may be,
The angels of God will be waiting for thee.

SONG OF THE ANGELS.

Air, "Lily Dale."—First published in "Age of Progress," as arranged by L. E. Coonley

WHEN the sun goes to rest in the arms of the west,
 And the moon bathes the earth with her beams,
 And the stars twinkle bright on the bosom of night,
 Then the angels are whispering in dreams.

Oh angels ! bright angels !

From your happy sphere,

Do tell us of a love and a harmony above,

Where we'll never know a sigh nor a tear.

- 2 'Midst the tempest and strife, in the battle of life,
 When the spirit is seeking for light,
 They hover by our side, their arms around us glide,
 And they nerve us anew for the fight.

Oh angels ! pure angels !

Guide us through the strife ;

For our spirits are frail, and our light flickers pale,
 In the gloom that surrounds our earth life.

- 3 There was sadness on the earth, from the hour of its birth,
 And heavy are the burdens we bear ;
 But still there is a balm, our troubles here to calm,
 When we know that the angels are near.

Oh angels ! loved angels !

Guide us to that clime

Where the skies never gloom, and the flowers ever bloom
 In eternally sweet summer-time.

- 4 Like the heaven-plumed dove, God's own type of love,
 Oh had we the power to fly !
 But our souls yet remain in this cold earthly chain,
 And we long for the free spirit sky.

Oh angels ! freed angels !

Oh, come ! will ye come !

For we faint here for breath, in the shadow of death ;
 Come ! guide us poor wanderers home.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

. By Gerrald Massey.

I LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true ;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too ;
For all human ties that bind me ;
For the task that God assigned me ;
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

2 I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake ;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake ;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

3 I live to hold communion
With all that is divine ;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine ;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

4 I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold ;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

SONG-BIRD OF THE SPIRIT-LAND.

By L. K. Coonley. — Tune, "Troubadour."

BIRD of the brighter land,
 Unbar thy notes ;
 Over the spirit-strand
 Melody floats ;
 Singing, Celestial band
 Come from on high !
 Angel-bird, angel-bird,
 Welcome it nigh.

2 Bird of the realm of flowers,
 Come let us hear
 Songs from the spirit-bowers,
 Giving good cheer ;
 Cheering our weary hours,
 Where'er we roam ;
 Angel-bird, angel-bird,
 Sing of our home.

3 Bird of a purer sky,
 Peal through thy lays
 Hopes that shall never die, —
 Lighting our ways ;
 Guiding where ne'er a sigh
 Wakes o'er a pain !
 Angel-bird, angel-bird,
 Loud swell the strain !

4 Bird of the higher life,
 Sing to the throng ;
 Make the earth's welkin rife
 With heavenly song ;
 Quelling all mortal strife,
 Peaceful as love ;
 Angel-bird, angel-bird,
 Guide us above !

HE IS THY BROTHER YET.

7s & 6s.

HAVE faith in man, thy brother,
 The heavenly Father's child ; —
 And ever in thy judgment
 Be merciful and mild.

2 Have love for man, thy brother,
 Though lowly be his lot ;
 For by the Almighty Father
 He never is forgot.

3 Forgive thine erring brother,
 As God forgiveth thee ;
 And bear with all his failings
 In patient charity.

4 Deal gently with the fallen ;
 And do not thou forget,
 However he has wandered,
 He is thy brother yet.

OUR PILGRIM FATHERS.

6s & 7s & 9s.

THE breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed ;
 And heavy night hung dark,
 The hills and waters o'er ;
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

2 Not as the conqueror comes,
 Ah ! they, the true-hearted, came
 Not with the roll of stirring drums,
 Nor the trump that sings of fame ;
 Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear ;
 They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

- 3 Amidst the storm they sang ;
 And the stars heard, and the sea !
 And sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free.
 The ocean eagle soared
 High o'er the white wave's foam,
 And the rocking pines of forest roared ;
 As this was their welcome home !
- 4 What sought they thus afar ?
 Bright jewels of the mine ?
 The wealth of seas and the spoils of war ?
 No ! they sought a faith's pure shrine !
 Aye, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod !
 They have left unstained, what here they found, —
 Loved freedom to worship God.

BE FREE.

By T. L. Harris.

- F**ROM the pleasures that woo with their azure-veined
 arms,
 But fetter the soul in its sleep ;
 From the sirens that lurk in the wine-cup's red charms,
 Like sea-snakes far down in the deep ;
 From the sloth that doth eat, and the vices that tear
 The strength and the splendor from thee.
 Arise ! as the lion springs forth from his lair,
 In the strength of thy manhood, **BE FREE !**
- 2 From the wolfish ambition that learns thee to rear
 O'er thy brother's crushed spirits a throne ;
 From the thirstings for gold that would learn thee to sear
 Thy warm heart till it hardens to stone ;
 From the darkling distrust that would drive thee afar
 From the natures all kindred to thee,
 Come forth, as from night comes the morn's golden star,
 In thy holiness come, and **BE FREE !**"

BUDS, BLOSSOMS, AND FRUITS.

FOR LYCEUMS, SCHOOLS, AND FESTIVITIES.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF.

C. M.

THIS is the first and great command —
To love thy God above ;
And this the second — as thyself
Thy neighbor thou shalt love.

2 Who is my neighbor ? He who wants
The help which thou canst give ;
And both the law and prophets say,
This do, and thou shalt live.

3 Who is thy neighbor ? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless ;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

4 Thy neighbor ? 'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim ;
Oh ! enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.

CHILD'S DESIRE.

Tune, p. 77, "Book of Hymns and Tunes." P. M.

- I** THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
How, when Jesus was here among men,
He once called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
- 2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head ;
That his arm had been thrown around me ;
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
" Let the little ones come unto me."
- 3 Yet still to his presence in thought I may go,
And ask for a share of his love ;
He who loved little children when dwelling below,
Must love them when dwelling above.
-

BUD, FLOWER, AND FRUIT.

C. M.

- T**HE bud will soon become a flower,
The flower become a seed ;
Then seize, O youth ! the present hour.
Of that thou hast most need.
- 2 Do thy best always, — do it now, —
For in the present time,
As in the furrows of a plough,
Fall seeds of good, or crime.
- 3 The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed that thou hast sown ;
And every act and word at last
By its own fruit be known.
- 4 And soon the harvest of thy toil
Rejoicing thou shalt reap ;
Or o'er thy wild neglected soil
Go forth in shame to weep.

OUR SOULS FOR TRUTH PREPARE.

7s & 6s.

NOW gathered here at morning,
 With spirits free from care,
 We would, all falsehood scorning,
 Our souls for Truth prepare.
 And, since God is a Spirit,
 Let us true spirits bring ;
 His word — in spirit hear it ;
 In spirit pray and sing.

- 2 As in the gladsome morning,
 Each leaf is gemmed with dew,
 We'll seek the heart's adorning
 Of holy thoughts and true.
 A meek and quiet spirit
 Is precious in God's sight ;
 Oh let us, then, all wear it,
 A gem of purest light !

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

L. M.

THE God of heaven is pleased to see
 A little family agree ;
 And will not slight the praise they bring,
 When *loving* children join to sing.

- 2 The gentle child, that tries to please,
 That hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,
 And would not say an angry word, —
 That child is pleasing to the Lord.
- 3 For love and kindness please him more
 Than if we gave him all our store ;
 And children here, who dwell in love,
 Are like his happy ones above.
- 4 Great God ! forgive, whenever we
 Forget thy will and disagree ;
 And grant that each of us may find
 The sweet delight of being kind.

LIFE'S MISSION.

L. M.

- GO forth to life, oh child of earth,
 Remembering still thy heavenly birth ;
 Thou art not here for ease, or sin,
 But manhood's noble crown to win.
- 2 Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
 Thy spirit can their flames control ;
 Though tempters strong beset thy way,
 Thy spirit is more strong than they.
- 3 Go on from innocence of youth
 To manly pureness, manly truth ;
 God's angels still are near to save,
 And God himself doth help the brave.
- 4 Then forth to life, oh child of earth !
 Be worthy of thy heavenly birth !
 For noble service thou art here ;
 Thy brothers help, thy God revere !

COME WITH A SMILING FACE.

C. M.

- NOW to our loving Father, God,
 A gladsome song begin ;
 His smile is on the world abroad,
 His joy our hearts within.
 We need not, Lord, our gladness leave,
 To worship thee aright ;
 Our joyfulness for praise receive !
 Thou make'st our lives so bright !
- 2 We turn to God a smiling face,
 He smiles on us again ;
 He loves to see our cheerfulness,
 And hear our gladsome strain.
 The pure in heart are always glad ;
 The smile of God they feel ;
 He doth the secret of his joy
 To blameless hearts reveal.

CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

Tune, "Ariel," in "Carmina Sacra."

- G**REAT God, thy face I cannot see,
 But yet I know thou lovest me,
 And every little child !
 Oh, keep me safe, and love me still,
 And give me an obedient will,
 A temper kind and mild.
- 2 Give me an honest heart and tongue,
 And may I learn, while I am young,
 That what is right is best.
 My home this night, O God, defend,
 Upon our eyes sweet slumber send,
 And still, refreshing rest.
- 3 My thanks, O God, to thee I give
 For this dear home in which I live,
 My mother's smile and kiss ;
 My father's care, my sister's love,
 The angels, who from homes above
 Descend to visit this.

BENEDICTION.

- F**OR a season called to part,
 Let us now ourselves commend
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Father, hear our humble prayer !
 Tender shepherd of thy sheep,
 Let thy mercy and thy care
 All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong ;
 Sweeten every cross and pain,
 Give us, if we live, ere long
 Here to meet in peace again.

SPEAK GENTLY.

C. M.

SPEAK gently, it is better far
To rule by love than fear ;
Speak gently, let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

- 2 Speak gently, — 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

LOVING AND FORGIVING.

C. Stodan. 7s & 6s.

OH, loving and forgiving, —
Ye angel words of earth, —
Years were not worth the living
If ye two had not birth !
Oh, loving and forbearing,
How sweet your mission here ;
The grief that ye are sharing
Hath blessings in its tear.

- 2 Oh, stern and unforgiving, —
Ye evil words of life,
That mock the means of living
With never-ending strife.
Oh, harsh and unrepenting,
How would ye meet the grave,
If Heaven, as unrelenting,
Forbore not, nor forgave ?

- 3 Oh, loving and forgiving, —
Sweet sisters of the soul,
In whose celestial living
The passions find control ! —
Still breathe your influence o'er us,
Whene'er by passion crost,
And, angel-like, restore us
The paradise we lost.

OUR LITTLE LU.

8s & 7s.

- A N angel thing, — a spell of joy
 Across our footpath glancing ;
 A blessed gift, — a precious toy,
 Around our fireside dancing !
- 2 A fairy thing, — a ray of light,
 Our darkened path illuming ;
 A floweret beautiful and bright,
 Within our garden blooming.
- 3 A little fair-browed, dove-eyed child,
 Our weary hours beguiling
 With graceful arts and spirits wild,
 And lips forever smiling.
- 4 A voice just like the water's glee,
 When from the fountain falling ;
 So soft and clear, it seems to me
 An angel must be calling.
- 5 Such is our Lu, our precious Lu,
 The jewel to us given ;
 As fair as day, as pure as dew,
 A glimpse to us of heaven.

THE TEST.

C. M.

- YOUNG Philo let a snowy ball
 One chilly winter's day,
 Into his Nancy's tucker fall,
 Which on her bosom lay.
- 2 He soon disclosed the playful jest,
 And told her 'twas his heart
 Which he had thrown upon her breast,
 His passion to impart.
- 3 Her modest cheek a blush confessed !
 She says, " 'Twas no decoy ;
 Dear sir, it found a warmer nest,
 And melted with the joy."

BEAUTY EVERYWHERE.

Tune, "God is there." G. & G.

WHEN the rose is blushing,
Pure and sweet and fair,
Joy within us gushing,
Greeteth beauty there.

2 When the storm is rolling
Darkly through the air,
Pearly snow descending,
Scatters beauty there.

3 In the dark old caverns,
In the gloomy lair,
Crystal gems and diamonds
Gleam in beauty there.

4 In the sandy desert,
Birds of plumage rare,
Shed around the traveller
Beauty even there.

5 Every prospect showeth,
Something rich and rare,
And the true heart findeth
Beauty everywhere.

BOAT SONG.

Tune, "Sleighing Song."

LIGHTLY row !
Lightly row !
O'er the glassy waves we go ;
Smoothly glide !
Smoothly glide !
On the silent tide ;
Let the winds and waters be
Mingled with our melody !
Sing and float !
Sing and float !
In our little boat.

2 Far away !
Far away !
Echo in the rocks at play ;
Calleth not,
Calleth not,
To this lonely spot.
Only with the sea-bird's note
Shall our dying music float !
Lightly row !
Lightly row !
Echo's voice is low.

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

5 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

SMALL THINGS.

C. M.

- A TRAVELLER through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
- 2 The dormouse loved its dangling twig,
The birds sweet music bore ;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.
- 3 A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern ;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn.
- 4 He passed again, and lo ! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.
- 5 A nameless man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart.
- 6 Oh, germ ! oh, fount ! oh, word of love !
Oh, thought at random cast !
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.
-

INVOCATION.

- FOUNT of Wisdom, Source of Life,
Lord of Earth, and Air, and Sky,
Give us power to teach these mortals
That the soul can never die.
- 2 Let us rend the veil that parts them
From their loved ones, gone before ;
Let us bring some welcome token,
Let us open wide the door.

PLEASURES OF HOME.

Tune, — "Contentment."

AROUND the blazing hearth of home,
 Night and day,
 With happy hearts we love to come,
 While kindly smiles about us play ;
 Night and day
 Sweet smiles about us play.

2 While sweeps the wintry blast around,
 Cold and drear,
 We love to hear the stormy sound,
 While cheerful fire is burning near ;
 Bright and dear
 The fire is burning near.

3 Our cheerful songs we love to sing
 Round the hearth,
 We love to make our voices ring
 With fairy tales and words of mirth ;
 Round the hearth,
 With light and airy mirth.

MAY SONG.

Tune, — "Sleighting Song."

SMILING May
 Comes in play,
 Making all things fresh and gay ;
 "From the hall
 Come you all ;"
 Thus the flowers call.
 Fragrant is the flowery vale ;
 Sparkles now the dew-bright dale ;
 Music floats,
 In soft notes,
 From sweet warblers' throats.

2 As we stray,
 Breezes play
 Through the fresh grove's rich array ;
 All is bright
 To the sight,
 After winter's night.
 Shadows now in quivering glance,
 On the silver fountain dance ;
 Insects bright
 Sail in light,
 Charming to the sight.

"HOW PLEASANT HERE."

By P. H. Sweetzer. — Tune, "Away to School."

- H**OW pleasant here each day to meet,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
 Our loved companions here to greet,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
 With joyful hearts and cheerful sound,
 In wisdom's ways we'll e'er be found,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
- 2 No angry passions here shall dwell,
 Hurrah, &c.
 But kindness, friendship, and good-will ;
 Hurrah, &c.
 Here, learning bright, and science pure,
 Our health and comfort shall insure.
 Hurrah, &c.
- 3 We'll never trifle time away,
 Oh no ! oh no ! oh no !
 Nor slight the blessings of the day,
 Oh no ! oh no ! oh no !
 But we'll improve each fleeting hour,
 And treasures of the mind secure.
 Hurrah, &c.

CHERUB ELLIE AND SISSY ENNY.

ANGELS loved the precious pearl,
 Darling, bright-eyed, laughing girl,
 And they took her home ;
 Took her where the life-flowers blow,
 Where pure fountains ever flow,
 There with them to roam.

2 As she left the earthly form,
 For the roseate bowers of morn,
 And the seraph band ;
 Cherub *Ellie*, spotless white,
 Welcomed "sissy Enny" bright
 To the spirit-land.

3 Mourning parents, grieve no more !
 Though the gem the casket bore
 Hath passed on above
 (Ere it knew of earthly blight),
 To unfold in Wisdom's light,
 Purity and Love.

4 Grieve not, for thy jewels dear
 With their *presence* oft will cheer,
 Soothe, and guide ye on,
 Where all agony shall cease,
 Where in Harmony and Peace
 Heaven shall be won.

 PART IN PEACE.

PART in peace ! with deep thanksgiving,
 Rendering as we homeward tread,
 Gracious service to the living,
 Tranquil memory to the dead.

2 Part in peace ! such are the praises
 God, our Maker, loveth best ;
 Such the worship that upraises
 Human hearts to heavenly rest.

DRINK YOUR FILL OF THE GRATEFUL RILL.

Tune, "Sparkling and Bright."

GUSHING so bright in the morning light,
Gleams the water in yon fountain :
As purely, too, as the early dew
That gems the distant mountain.

CHORUS. — Then drink your fill of the grateful rill,
And leave the cup of sorrow ;
Though it shine to-night in its gleaming light,
'Twill sting thee on the morrow.

2 Quietly glide in their silvery tide,
The brooks from rock to valley ;
And the flashing streams, in the broad sunbeams,
Like a bannered army rally.

CHORUS. — Then drink, &c.

3 Touch not the wine, though brightly it shine,
When nature to man has given
A gift so sweet, his wants to meet,
A bev'rage that flows from heaven.

CHORUS. — Then drink, &c.

4 Not only here, of the water clear
Is God the lavish giver ;
But when we rise to yonder skies
We'll drink of life's bright river.

CHORUS. — Then drink, &c.

NIAGARA FALLS.

YOUNG MEN, AHoy!

By Mrs. Fortune.

HURRAH ! for the purple glass,
And hurrah ! for the goblet's gleam,
And hurrah ! for the little bark that glides
Smoothly adown the stream.
There is rippling music at the bows,
And behind a silvery line ;
And glory, and life, and happiness,
All in the sparkling wine.

CHORUS.

"Young men, ahoy! 'tis a cloudless sky,
 'Tis a river smooth in flow!
 And a 'wildering joy in the wine-cup dwells,
 But — the RAPIDS are below."

- 2 The rapids? Ha! ha! we have heard of them —
 'Tis an idiot's voice that calls!
 Does he think we are fools, to steer our boat
 Over the roaring falls?
 Hurrah! for the sail when the danger comes,
 And the helmsman's steady hand;
 They will guide our bark, with its jolly crew,
 Straight to the safer land.

CHORUS.

"Young men, ahoy! Hard up the helm!
 See the waters foaming near!
 And, hark! 'tis the rapids' booming roar
 Full on your trusting ear!"

- 3 The falls! the falls! dash down the cup!
 Oh! 'tis a fearful strife,
 When the hot veins swell, and the red blood starts,
 And the battle is for life!
 Vain wrestlings — vain! Oh a wild, dread look
 At the boiling tide below,
 And outstretched hands to the helpless shore,
 And over the Falls they go!

CHORUS. — Young men, ahoy, &c.

- 4 "Oh trust it not when the waters glide
 Calm in the summer beam;
 There are eddies deep where the careless sink,
 And a current in the stream.
 You may set your sail; but the tide is strong,
 And you're weak as the summer breath;
 And a poison drop in the wine-cup hides,
 For the end thereof is — DEATH."

CHORUS. — Young men, ahoy, &c.

IN THE VINEYARD OF OUR FATHER.

Tune, "Piegan."

- I**N the vineyard of our Father,
 Daily work we find to do ;
 Scattered gleanings we may gather,
 Though we are but young and few.
 Little clusters
 Help to fill the garner, too.
- 2 Toiling early in the morning,
 Catching moments through the day,
 Nothing small or lowly scorning,
 So along our path we stray ;
 Gathering gladly
 Free-will offerings by the way.
- 3 Up and ever at our calling,
 Till in death our lips are dumb,
 Or till — sin's dominions falling —
 Christ shall in his kingdom come.
 And his children
 Reach their everlasting home.
-

PATIENCE.

7a.

- L**EARN to suffer and endure,
 Triumph fails to patience never ;
 Under sorrow lieth cure ;
 Long to bear is mighty lever.
- 2 Like a falcon to the lure,
 Fortune stoops to patience ever ;
 Summer dries thee, ford secure,
 So thou wait by winter's river.
- 3 Chain and bolt may hold thee sure ;
 Link and rivet file will sever ;
 Keep thee patient, strong and pure,
 Last and God will be the giver.

THE PLEDGE WE SEAL.

From "Temperance Banner." — By L. K. Coonley. — Air, "Banks of the Blue Moselle."

IF the tear of love should wound the heart
 That clings 'round thy ruined fame,
 Then break the spell that bound to thee
 A foul and faithless name ;
 Yes, give new hopes to her you love,
 And chant the mother's weal,
 In the cheering song of a temperance throng,
 At the shrine of the pledge we seal.

2 If the snares of Rum have led thee far,
 From home and favored smile ;
 Then join the band where truth and love
 Are free from every guile ;
 Yes, make one vow, and overcome,
 We'll chant the widow's weal,
 In the cheering song of a temperance throng,
 At the shrine of the pledge we seal.

3 If a friend of thine should bid thee drink,
 And call for "sparkling wine,"
 Then show the pledge that made thee free
 To tell of hopes divine ;
 Yes, mark the path that leads to peace,
 And chant the orphan's weal,
 In the cheering song of a temperance throng,
 At the shrine of the pledge we seal.

THE REDEEMED FROM INTemperance.

Dedicated to F. A. Peabody, by L. K. Coonley. — Air, "Star Spangled Banner."

AWAY with the cup I so oft revelled round
 When I wandered from home ; so brightly enchant-
 ing ;
 Again I am free, on my own native ground,
 The seal of redemption more firmly implanting ;

Then all hail, welcome day,
 When the Demon's dread sway
 Can no longer enchain with his powers to slay, —
 For the pure pledge of temperance, oh, it can save
 The poor inebriate from the drunkard's sad grave.

- 2 The sweet, happy home, once as gay as the spring,
 Foul alcohol filled with his black desolation ;
 And long was the reign of that vile monster-king,
 Ere day dawned the hope of a bless'd reformation ;
 But that pledge in its might
 Won the heart to the right,
 And I sound now the notes of the victor in fight, —
 For the pure pledge of temperance ; oh, it can save
 The poor inebriate from the drunkard's sad grave.
- 3 Awake, oh, awake, let us slumber no more
 On the brink of such RUIN so carelessly dreaming ;
 But rejoice now, my friends, — the dark cloud is o'er,
 And bright on our pathway fair temperance is
 beaming ;
 Whilst to the vile dust
 " Fall soon the tyrant must,"
 And the triumph insure, as our cause is most just, —
 For the pure pledge of temperance, oh, it can save
 The poor inebriate from the drunkard's sad grave.

THE GUSHING FOUNTAIN.

Air, "Annie of the Vale."

A SONG for the fountain
 That springs on the mountain,
 And gushes forth so beautiful and clear
 Through deep gorges streaming,
 In bright sunlight gleaming,
 And singing in the balmy summer air.

CHORUS. — Come, come, come with me,
The bright clear fountain to see ;
Come, drink from its treasure,
Long life, health, and pleasure,
From water, pure water, fresh and free.

2 From the hill-side 'tis flowing,
Rich pleasure bestowing,
Its cooling draughts relieve the thirsty soul ;
All nature 'tis blessing,
So sweet and refreshing,
No evil lurks within its flowing bowl.

CHORUS. — Come, come, come, &c.

3 'Tis God, my protector,
Who sends me this nectar,
To nourish and invigorate my frame ;
Nor will I forsake it,
But joyfully take it,

And for its richness bless my Maker's name.

CHORUS. — Come, come, come, &c.

SONGS.

TO MY OWN DEAR SARAH.

By L. K. Cooley.

SO sweet the moments glide,
When thou art by my side,
That time seems but a joyful dream ;
E'en hours so happy flee,
When thou art near to me,
That life appears some heavenly gleam !

2 The radiance of thine eye,
Lent from the azure sky,
In its own ethereal blue,
Speaks joy to every nerve,
And bids me freely serve
A love that meets my own so true !

3 When " hand in hand " we grasp,
And thy loved form I clasp,
And feel thy heart beat pure and free ;
I own the flame of love
Seems lent from heaven above,
And I can almost worship thee !

4 And when again I find,
With willing heart and mind,
Our lips in holy union kiss,
I own a joy that feels
Beyond what tongue reveals, ---
A thrill of almost heavenly bliss !

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

DO they miss me at home, do they miss me ?
 'Twould be an assurance most dear
 To know that this moment some loved one
 Were saying, I wish he were here !
 To feel that the group at the fireside
 Were thinking of me as I roam ;
 Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure
 To know that they miss me at home,
 To know that they missed me at home.

- 2 When twilight approaches, the season
 That ever is sacred to song,
 Does some one repeat my name over,
 And sigh that I tarry so long ?
 And is there a chord in the music
 That's missed when my voice is away ?
 And a chord in each heart that awaketh
 Regret at my wearisome stay ?
 Regret at my wearisome stay ?
- 3 Do they set me a chair near the table,
 When evening's home pleasures are nigh ?
 When the candles are lit in the parlor,
 And the stars in the calm azure sky ?
 And when the "good-nights" are repeated,
 And all lay them down to their sleep,
 Do they think of the absent, and waft me
 A whispered "good-night," while they weep ?
 A whispered "good-night," while they weep ?
- 4 Do they miss me at home, do they miss me,
 At morning, at noon, or at night ?
 And hovers one gloomy shade round them
 That only my presence can light ?
 Are joys less invitingly welcome,
 And pleasures less hale than before,
 Because one is missed from the circle,
 Because I am with them no more ?
 Because I am with them no more ?

DARLING NELLY GRAY.

Music to be had at Oliver Ditson's, Boston.

THERE'S a low, green valley on the old Kentucky shore,

Where I've whiled many happy hours away,
A sitting and a singing by the little cottage door,
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more;
I'm sitting by the river, and I'm weeping all the day,
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

2 One night I went to see her, but "she's gone!" the neighbors say,

The white man bound her with his chain;
They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away,
As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

CHORUS. — Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, &c.

3 My canoe is under water, and my banjo is unstrung;
I'm tired of living any more;

My eyes shall look downward and my songs shall be unsung,

While I stay on the old Kentucky shore.

CHORUS. — Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, &c.

4 My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way;
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door, —

Oh! I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Oh! my darling Nelly Gray, up in heaven there they say
That they'll never take you from me any more.

I'm a coming, coming, coming, as the angels clear the way,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

GENTLE ANNIE.

THOU wilt come no more, gentle Annie,
Like a flower thy spirit did depart;

Thou art gone, alas, like the many
That have bloomed in the summer of my heart.

CHORUS. — Shall we never more behold thee,
 Never hear thy winning voice again,
 When the spring-time comes, gentle Annie,
 When the wild flowers are scattered o'er the plain ?

2 Ah, the hours grow sad while I ponder
 Near the silent spot where thou art laid,
 And my heart bows down when I wander
 By the streams and meadows where we strayed.

CHORUS. — Shall we never more, &c.

DO GOOD.

Rev. C. W. Dennison.

DO good ! do good ! we are never too young
 To be useful in many a way ;
 For all have a heart, and a hand, and a tongue,
 To feel, and to labor, and pray ;
 Let us think, when crowds of poor children we meet,
 All thronging their pathways of gloom,
 That in every damp alley, in every dark street,
 There's a passage that leads to the tomb.

CHORUS. — Then do good, &c.

2 We'll seek in that passage that wandering throng,
 And take them in love by the hand ;
 With kindness receive them, with music and song,
 And guide to the heavenly land.
 If we have but a moment, that moment employ
 To pluck the young brands from the flame ;
 We may change their deep guilt to a Christian's full joy,
 And save them forever from shame.

CHORUS. — Then do good, &c.

3 What joy, what joy will the least of us know,
 When called to our Father's abode,
 To find that beside us in glory there stands
 Some whom we first placed on the road !
 Then seek in the highways and by-ways of earth,
 And bring in the lowly to feast ;
 Remember, in heaven the greatest may be
 The one who on earth was the least.

CHORUS. — Then do good, &c.

WILLIE, WE HAVE MISSED YOU.

OH! Willie, is it you, dear, safe, safe at home !
 They did not tell me true, dear ; they said you would
 not come.

I heard you at the gate, and it made my heart rejoice,
 For I knew that welcome footstep, and that dear familiar
 voice,

Making music on my ear, in the lonely midnight gloom ;
 Oh, Willie, we have missed you, welcome, welcome home !

- 2 We've longed to see you nightly, but this night of all,
 The fire was blazing brightly and lights were in the hall,
 The little ones were up till 'twas ten o'clock and past,
 Then their eyes began to twinkle, and they've gone to
 sleep at last ;
 But they listened for your voice till they thought you'd
 never come,—

Oh, Willie, we have missed you, welcome, welcome home !

- 3 The days were sad without you, the nights long and drear,
 My dreams have been about you, oh, welcome, Willie
 dear ;

Last night I wept and watched, by the moonlight's cheer-
 less ray,

Till I thought I heard your footstep then I wiped my tears
 away,

But my heart grew sad again, when I found you had not
 come ;

Oh, Willie, we have missed you, welcome, welcome home !

NEW ENGLAND.

CLIME of the brave ! the high heart's home ;
 Laved by the wind and stormy sea !

Thy children, in this far-off land,

Devote, to-day, their hearts to thee ;

Our thoughts, despite of space and time,

To-day are in our native clime,

Where passed our sinless years, and where

Our infant heads first bowed in prayer.

- 2 Stern land ! we love thy woods and rocks,
 Thy rushing streams, thy winter glooms,
 And memory, like a pilgrim gray,
 Kneels at thy temples and thy tombs ;
 The thoughts of these, where'er we dwell,
 Come o'er us like a holy spell,
 A star to light our path of tears,
 A rainbow on the sky of years !
- 3 Above thy cold and rocky breast
 The tempest sweeps, the night-wind wails,
 But virtue, peace, and love, like birds,
 Are nestled 'mid thy hills and vales ;
 And glory o'er each plain and glen
 Walks with thy free and iron men,
 And lights her sacred beacon still
 On Bennington and Bunker Hill.
-

THE BABY WAS SLEEPING.

Contributed by Geo. Doherty, Harrisburg. — Tune, " Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane."

- T**HE baby was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
 For her husband was on the dark, rolling sea ;
 And the tempest was swelling, round the fisherman's
 dwelling,
 As she cried, Dermot, darling, oh, come back to me !
- CHORUS. — As she cried Dermot, darling, &c.
- 2 The beads as she numbered, the baby still slumbered,
 And smiled in its sleep as it lay on her knee,
 Oh, blest be that warning, my child's sleep adorning,
 For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.
- 3 And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
 Oh, pray to them softly, sweet baby with me ;
 And say thou would'st rather they'd watch o'er thy
 father,
 For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.
- 4 The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
 The wife wept with joy, her dear Dermot to see ;
 And fondly caressing the child, with a blessing,
 Said, I knew that the angels were whispering to thee,

THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY.

THERE'S a star in the West that will never go down
 Till the records of valor decay ;
 We must worship its light, for it is our own,
 And liberty bursts in its ray.
 Shall the name of Washington ever be heard
 By a freeman, and thrill not his breast ?
 Is there out of bondage that hails not the name
 Of Washington, Star of the West ?

- 2 War ! war to the knife ; be enthralled or ye die !
 Was the echo that waked up the land ;
 But it was not this frenzy that promoted the cry,
 Nor rashness that kindled the brand.
 He threw back the fetters, he headed the strife,
 Till man's charter was firmly restored ;
 Then he prayed for the moment when liberty and life
 Would no longer be pressed by the sword.
- 3 Oh ! his laurels were pure, and his patriotic name
 In the pages of the future shall dwell,
 And be seen in all annals, the foremost in fame,
 By the side of a Hoffer and Tell.
 Then cherish his memory, the brave and the good,
 At Mount Vernon the body now rests ;
 Peace, peace to his ashes, our father is dead !
 Great Washington, Star of the West !

SING ME TO SLEEP, MY MOTHER.

As Sung by Charles Melville.

SING me to sleep, my mother,
 Sing, for I fain would go ;
 Thou knowest that I love thee, mother,
 Then why art thou weeping so ?
 The angels are calling me, mother,
 Those beings so radiant and bright ;
 Their voices are sweet, my mother,
 Their robes are glowing with light.

- 2 Dost thou not hear them, mother ?
 They say to me, " Mortal, arise !
 And we'll bear thee, on wings of love,
 To our home beyond the bright skies."
 They say the earth is fair, mother,
 Yet its flowers but bloom to decay ;
 And oh ! 'tis eternal spring-time
 In the Spirit-land, far away !
- 3 Sing me to sleep, my mother,
 Sing to me but once more,
 Ere the spirit shall take its flight
 To that purer world to soar ;
 I know there's a brighter world, mother,
 And I trust that world's for me, —
 Think gladly of me when I'm gone,
 And in heaven, I'll watch o'er thee.

TYROLESE MOUNTAIN SONG.

Tune, " The Spinning Song."

- WE'LL go to the mountains
 While morning is gray,
 For life on their summits
 Is cheerful and gay.
 There nature in beauty
 Awakes in her prime,
 And gladness allures us
 As upward we climb.
- 2 There freedom's bold music
 Is heard in the gale ;
 There leaps the bright torrent
 In foam to the vale.
 Then hail to the mountains !
 Their echoes shall ring,
 Repeating the chorus
 We joyfully sing.

HARK ! I HEAR AN ANGEL SING.

By Charles Melville.

HARK ! I hear an angel sing, —
 Angels now are on the wing,
 And their voices, singing clear,
 Tell us that the spring is near.
 Dost thou hear them, gentle one ?
 Dost thou see the glorious sun
 Rising higher in the sky,
 As each day, as each day it passes by ?

CHORUS. — Hark ! I hear an angel sing, —
 Angels now are on the wing,
 And their voices, singing clear,
 Tell us that the spring is near.

2 Just beyond yon cliff of snow
 Silver rivers brightly flow ;
 Smiling woods and fields are seen
 Mantled in a robe of green ;
 Birds and bees and brooks and flowers
 Tell us all of vernal hours ;
 There the birds are weaving lays
 For the happy happy spring-time days.

CHORUS. — Hark ! I hear an angel sing, &c.

3 Look ! oh, look ! the southern sky
 Mirrors flowers of every dye ;
 Children, tripping o'er the plain,
 Spring is coming back again, —
 Spring is coming ! shouts of glee,
 Singing birds on bush and tree,
 And the bees, their merry hums,
 For the spring-time comes, it comes, it comes.

CHORUS. — Hark ! I hear an angel sing, &c.

KISS ME GOOD-NIGHT, MOTHER.

Music at Russell & Patee's, 61 Court Street, Boston.

MOTHER, dear mother, the day has seemed long
 Since the lark warbled his matinal song ;
 Sadly the hours have passed, fled since the morn ;
 Darkly the moments that ne'er can return ;
 No beaming hopefulness, no joyous ray,
 No cheerful sunshine to brighten my way.
 But, mother, your kiss turns the darkness to light ;
 Kiss me good-night, mother, kiss me good-night.

CHORUS. — Thy tender love, mother,
 Turns all to light ;
 Kiss me good-night, mother,
 Kiss me good-night.

- 2 Mother, dear mother, I'm longing for rest,—
 Longing to slumber for aye with the blest ;
 But when my sad spirit from earth-life is free
 Still shall thy presence seem nigh unto me.
 Oft thy last kiss shall fall soft on my brow,—
 Sadly thine eyes gaze upon me as now ;
 And often I'll say with the angels in white,
 Kiss me good-night, mother, kiss me good-night.

THE WORLD WOULD BE BETTER FOR IT.

Music of J. G. Clark, Danville, N. Y.

IF men cared less for wealth and fame,
 And less for battle-fields and glory,
 If writ in human hearts a name
 Seemed better than in song or story ;
 If men, instead of nursing pride,
 Would learn to hate it and abhor it, —
 If more relied
 On love to guide,

The world would be the better for it.

- 2 If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
 And more in bonds and deeds fraternal ;
 If love's work had more willing hands
 To link this world to the supernal ;

If men stored up love's oil and wine,
 And on bruised human hearts would pour it, —
 If "yours" and "mine"
 Would once combine,
 The world would be the better for it.

3 If more would ACT the play of life,
 And fewer spoil it in rehearsal ;
 If bigotry would sheathe its knife
 Till good became more universal ;
 If custom, gray with ages grown,
 Had fewer blind men to adore it, —
 If talent shone
 In truth alone,
 The world would be the better for it.

4 If men were wise in little things, —
 Affecting less in all their dealings ;
 If hearts had fewer rusty strings
 To isolate their kindly feelings ;
 If men, when wrong beats down the right,
 Would strike together and restore it ;
 If right made might
 In every fight,
 The world would be the better for it.

WILD BIRDS NOW ARE SINGING, SINGING.

A Song for Picnics.

WILD birds now are singing, singing
 In the woodlands green and fair ;
 Wood-notes now are ringing, ringing
 From the tree-tops in the air.
 Sweet bird of the dusky wing,
 And the swelling breast of flame,
 When we hear thy sweet notes ring,
 Our praise is put to shame,
CHORUS.—Wild birds now, &c.

2 Flowers here are clinging, clinging
 To the rude rocks in the dell ;
 They are kissed by springing, springing
 Wavelets from the woodland well.
 As the sweet flowers breathe their balm
 On the crystal atmosphere,
 So the perfume of our psalm
 Shall sweeten offerings here.

CHORUS.—Wild birds now, &c.

3 Sunlight here is streaming, streaming
 From the fountains in the sun,
 Blending here its beaming, beaming
 Light with shadows as they run.
 Braiding thus the light and shade,
 Underneath the quivering leaves ;
 So our checkered life is made,
 Where sun and shadow weaves.

CHORUS.—Wild birds now, &c.

“HOW BEAUTIFUL THE SNOW.”

Tune, “Welcome Holiday.”

I-O ! I-o ! I-o !

How beautiful the snow !
 What purer than its whiteness ?
 What brighter than its brightness,
 Illumed in sunset’s glow ?
 We love the pure white snow.

2 I-o ! I-o ! I-o !

We love the light, white snow !
 Now wintry winds are blowing,
 How thick and fast it’s snowing !
 Well, let the winds blow ;
 We love them and the snow !

3 I-o ! I-o ! I-o !

How smooth the swift sleighs go !
 The moon so brightly shining,
 The pure blue sky is climbing,
 The earth so white below ;
 ’Tis pure, ’tis fair, the snow !

SOME ONE TO LOVE US.

By Charles Melville.

- S**OME one in this wide world of sorrow,
 Some one whose smile will efface the sad tear,
 Some one to welcome the light of to-morrow,
 Some one to share it when sunshine is here.
 Oh ! the world is a desert amid all its pleasures,
 And life seems bereft of the only true zest,
 If we fail in possessing with all its proud treasures,
 The best of all blessings, some dear kindred breast.
- CHORUS.**— Some one to love in this wide world of sorrow,
 Some one whose smile will efface the sad tear,
 Some one to welcome the light of to-morrow,
 Some one to share it when sunshine is here.
- 2** Some one to love whose affection will cherish
 The sweet bud of hope, when 'tis blighted, with care,
 Some faithful heart that will ne'er let it perish
 By sinking forever in depths of despair.
 'Tis an angelic radiance a beacon to guide us,
 Resembling those lamps that are shining above,
 'Tis a guardian from heaven, a light to decide us,
 Teaching us wisdom, in lessons of love.
- CHORUS.**— Some one to love, &c.

U N I O N P E A R L S .

SONGS PATRIOTIC AND SYMPATHETIC OF COUNTRY, AND DEFENDERS.

NATIONAL HYMN.

MY country ! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring.

2 My native country ! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song :
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God ! to thee,
Author of Liberty,
To thee we sing !
Long may our land be bright,
With Freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

THE WAR TRUMP IS SOUNDING.

By R. Tower, Burns, Wisconsin. — Air, "Minnehaha." 8s & 7s.

HARK ! the trump of war is sounding !
 Freemen, onward, we must fight ;
 Wo to tyrants ! death to traitors !
 Freemen, onward for our right.

IOBUS.—Draw your sword for man's redemption,
 Point your booming cannons sure ;
 Those who fight for slave-extension
 Fight for naught that can endure.

2 Onward is the world's progression !
 Slavery now may have an end ;
 Freemen, onward with your mission !
 Freemen, be the poor man's friend.

3 Let the glory of our nation,
 Once the pride and boast of all,
 Wave her Flag at ever station,
 Where our ships and armies call.

4 Freemen, Washington is mourning,
 Weeping, for a traitor band
 Would destroy the very nation
 Planted by his matchless hand.

5 Freemen, must the hope of ages,
 Which our nation holds in store,
 Now be wrested from the faithful,
 And thus lost forevermore ?

6 No ! we answer ; Freemen will not,
 Cannot sell their birthright so ;
 Rally, Freemen, to the contest !
 Onward march, and give the blow !

OUR COUNTRY.

11s. & 10s.

DEAR is the land that has cradled our childhood—
 Land of our fathers, their hope and their pride,
 Where, in their exile, they found, in the wildwood,
Home, and the freedom which tyrants denied !

Out of their toil came the strength of the nation,
 Blessings for millions they won by their sword !
 Ever be honored their noble privation,
 Sacred the soil where their life-blood was poured !

CHORUS.—Land that we love, we will ever defend it,
 Land of our hope and our pride !
 Perish the traitor or foe who would rend it !
 Heroes to save it have died !
 God of the nations, thy favor attend it,
 Blessings upon it abide !

2 Proud of our country, its fame and its glory,
 Living we'll serve it, or die for its need !
 Sons of the heroes who lived in its story,
 Let us be worthy to follow their lead !
 Seaward and landward the flag of the nation,
 Symbol of glory, is waving on high ;
 Never a star of its bright constellation,
 Fading from glory, shall vanish and die !

CHORUS.—Land that we love, &c.

3 Land of our homes and hearts that we cherish,
 Laurell'd with beauty, and blooming with peace,—
 Let not the crown of her nobleness perish,
 Let not a shade of her glory decrease !
 On move the nations in mighty progression,
 Marshalled by God towards Humanity's goal ;
 FREEDOM our watchword, behind us oppression,
 Let us be first on the glorious roll !

CHORUS.—Land that we love, &c.

GOD OF OUR LIBERTIES.

By J. R. Shreiner. 6s & 10s.

GOD of our Liberties !
 God of our Victories !

Where dost Thou tarry when foes brave the field ?

Where are thy wrathful words ?

Where are thy flaming swords ?

Guard they our nation as buckler and shield ?

- 2 Fields have been lost and won,
 Still rolls the carnage on,
 Still bleeds the nation on hill-side and plain !
 Thick as our garner'd sheaves,
 Thick as our forest leaves,
 Strewn are our fields with the wounded and slain !
- 3 Hear what Thy people say,
 Hear what Thy children pray,
 Teach Thou the nations : Jehovah is just !
 Strike with thy mailed hand,
 Stay Thou the traitor band,
 Trail Thou their banners, and stamp them to dust !

THE CONSCRIPT'S BURIAL.*

Tune "Portuguese Hymn."

- S**OFTLY and reverently close the white eyelids,
 Fold the still hands on the passionless breast ;
 God hath relieved the poor soldier from duty, —
 Slowly and silently bear him to rest.
- 2 Speak of him gently, his errors forgetting ;
 Brush the damp locks from the wan, pallid brow ;
 Friendless and lone, he hath passed the dark valley —
 Pitying angels have charge of him now.
- 3 Bear him forth gently, comrades in duty,
 Carefully smooth down his damp, lonely bed,
 Never a friend had the suffering soldier, —
 No one to weep for him now he is dead !
- 4 Homeless and friendless ! nowhere in the wide world
 Were pulses that quickened or thrilled at his touch ;
 Speak of him tenderly, now that he sleepeth ;
 God, the All Pitiful, careth for such.
- 5 Lay him to rest where the sea-gulls are screaming,
 Sing to him softly, O blue bounding wave !
 Soft airs and summer flowers, garner your sweetness,
 And scatter it lavishly over his grave.

* The first soldier was buried at the Conscript Camp, Long Island. He was from New York, and was not known to have had a friend in the world.

FREMONT'S BATTLE HYMN.

By James G. Clark. — Music at O. Ditson's, Boston.

O SPIRITS of Washington, Warren, and Wayne !
 O shades of the Heroes and Patriots slain !
 Come down from your mountains of emerald and gold,
 And smile on the banner ye cherished of old ;
 Descend in your glorified ranks to the strife,
 Like legions sent forth from the armies of life ;
 Let us feel your deep presence, as waves feel the breeze
 When the white fleets, like snow flakes, are drunk by
 the seas.

- 2 As the red lightnings run on the black, jagged cloud,
 Ere the thunder-king speaks from his wind-woven shroud,
 So gleams the bright steel along valley and shore,
 Ere the combat shall startle the land with its roar !
 As the veil which conceals the clear starlight is riven
 When clouds strike together by warring winds driven,
 So the blood of the race must be offered like rain
 Ere the stars of our country are ransomed again !
- 3 Proud sons of the soil where the Palmetto grows,
 Once patriots and brothers, now traitors and foes,
 Ye have turned from the path which our forefathers trod,
 And stolen from man the best gift of his God ;
 Ye have trampled the tendrils of love in the ground ;
 Ye have scoffed at the law which the Nazarene found,
 Till the great wheel of Justice seemed blocked for a
 time,
 And the eyes of humanity blinded with crime.
- 4 The hounds of oppression were howling the knell
 Of martyrs and prophets, at gibbet and cell,
 While Mercy despaired of the blossoming years,
 When her harp-strings no more should be rusted with
 tears.
 But God never ceases to strike for the right,
 And the ring of His anvil came down through the night,
 Though the world was asleep, and the nations seemed
 dead,
 And Truth into bondage by Error was led.

- 5 Will the banners of morn at your bidding be furled,
When the day-king arises to quicken the world ?
Can ye cool the fierce fires of his heat-throbbing breast,
Or turn him aside from his goal in the West ?
Ah ! sons of the plains where the orange-tree blooms,
Ye may come to our pine-covered mountains for tombs ;
But the light ye would smother was kindled by One
Who gave to the universe planet and sun.
- 6 Go, strangle the throat of Niagara's wrath,
Till he utters no sound on his torrent-cut path ;
Go, bind his green sinews of rock-wearing waves,
Till he begs at your feet like your own fettered slaves ;
Go, cover his pulses with sods of the ground,
Till he hides from your sight like a hare from the hound ;
Then swarm to our borders and silence the notes
That thunder of Freedom, from millions of throats.
- 7 Come on with your " chattels," all worn, from the soil,
Where men receive scourging in payment for toil ;
Come, robbers, come, traitors ; we welcome you all,
As the leaves of the forest are welcomed by fall.
The birthright of manhood awaits for your slaves,
But prisons and halters are waiting for knaves ;
And the blades of our " mud-sills " are longing to rust
With their blood who would bury our stars in the dust.
- 8 They die unlamented by people and laws,
Whose lives are but shadows on Liberty's cause ;
They slumber, unblest by Fraternity's star
Who have blocked up the track of Humanity's car ;
Regarded, when dead, by the wise and the good,
As shepherds regard the dead wolf in the wood ;
And only unhated when Heaven shall efface
The memory of wrong from the souls of the race.

- 9 The streams may forget how they mingled our gore,
 And the myrtle entwine on their borders once more ;
 The song-birds of Peace may return to our glades,
 And children join hands where their fathers joined
 blades ;
 Columbia may rise from her trial of fire,
 More pure than she came from the hand of her sire ;
 But freedom will lift the cold finger of scorn
 When history tells where her traitors were born.

“MOTHER WOULD COMFORT ME.”

*The last words of a dying soldier.— Music at Sawyer & Thompson's, 59 Fulton Avenue,
 Brooklyn, N. Y.*

- WOUNDED and sorrowful, far from my home,
 Sick, among strangers, uncared for, unknown ;
 Even the birds that used sweetly to sing,
 Are silent, and swiftly have taken the wing !
 No one but Mother can cheer me to-day ;
 No one for me could so fervently pray ;
 None to comfort me, no kind friend is near,
 Mother would comfort me if she were here.
- 2 If she were with me, I soon would forget
 My pain and my sorrow ; no more would I fret ;
 One kiss from her lips, or one look from her eye,
 Would make me contented and willing to die !
 Gently her hand o'er my forehead she'd press,
 Trying to free me from pain and distress ;
 Kindly she'd say to me, “ Be of good cheer,
 Mother will comfort you, Mother is here.”
- 3 Cheerfully, faithfully, Mother would stay
 Always beside me, by night and by day —
 If I should murmur or wish to complain,
 Her gentle voice would soon calm me again ;
 Sweetly a Mother's love shines like a star,
 Brightest in darkness, when daylight's afar !
 In clouds or in sunshine, pleasures or pain,
 Mother's affection is always the same.

THE ORIGIN OF YANKEE DOODLE. .

By George P. Morris.

ONCE on a time old Johnny Bull
 Flew in a raging fury,
 And said that Jonathan should have
 No trials, sir, by jury ;
 That no elections should be held
 Across the briny waters :
 " And now," said he, " I'll tax the tea
 Of all his sons and daughters."
 Then down he sate, in burly state,
 And blustered like a grandee ;
 And in derision made a tune
 Called " Yankee Doodle Dandy."
 " Yankee doodle," these are facts —
 " Yankee doodle dandy :
 My son of wax, your tea I'll tax —
 Yankee doodle dandy."

2 John sent the tea from o'er the sea
 With heavy duties rated ;
 But whether hyson or bohea,
 I never heard it stated ;
 Then Jonathan to pout began —
 He laid a strong embargo —
 " I'll drink no tea, by Jove ! " so he
 Threw overboard the cargo.
 Then Johnny sent a regiment
 Big words and looks to bandy,
 Whose martial band when near the land,
 Played " Yankee Doodle Dandy."
 " Yankee doodle — keep it up
 Yankee doodle dandy !
 " I'll poison with a tax your cup,
 Yankee doodle dandy ! "

3 A long war then they had, in which
John was at last defeated ;
And " Yankee doodle " was the march
To which his troops retreated.
Cute Jonathan, to see them fly
Could not restrain his laughter ;
" That tune," said he, " suits to a T,
I'll sing it ever after."
Old Johnny's face, to his disgrace,
Was flushed with beer and brandy,
E'en while he vowed to sing no more
This " Yankee Doodle Dandy."
" Yankee doodle — ho ! ha ! he !
Yankee doodle dandy —
We kept the tune, but not the tea,
Yankee doodle dandy !"

4 I've told you now the origin
Of this most lively ditty,
Which Johnny Bull delights as " dull
And stupid ! " — what a pity !
With " Hail Columbia ! " it is sung,
In chorus full and hearty —
On land and main, we breathe the strain,
John made for his tea-party.
No matter how we rhyme the words,
The music speaks them handy,
And where's the fair can't sing the air
Of " Yankee Doodle Dandy ? "
" Yankee doodle — firm and true —
Yankee doodle dandy,
Yankee doodle, doodle doo !
Yankee doodle dandy."

SOUTH CAROLINA'S GOOD-BY. TO "YANKEE DOODLE."

By Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

NOW, Uncle Sam, though well prepared
 For every rude invasion,
 When'er his kith and kin fall out,
 He always tries persuasion !
 But when his children sulk and pout,
 And can't be coaxed with candy,
 Though not morose, he tries a dose
 Of Yankee doodle dandy.

CHORUS. — Yankee doodle keep it up
 Yankee doodle dandy,
 Yankee doodle doodle doo,
 O Yankee doodle dandy.

- 2 Now sister Caroline declared,
 One day when in a passion,
 She'd leave her home, if things went on
 In such a heedless fashion !
 And so she bundled up her clothes,
 And did it quick and handy,
 Without a sigh, she bade good-by
 To Yankee doodle dandy ! — CHORUS.
- 3 And then her sisters, women-like,
 Some four or five in number,
 Declared, while Carrie roamed alone,
 They could not sleep or slumber ;
 And so they followed after her,
 (The way was rough and sandy,)
 Her path they took, with many a look
 At Yankee doodle dandy ! — CHORUS.
- 4 But then we know they'll soon come back, —
 That is, its our opinion ;
 For well they love, within their hearts,
 Old Uncle Sam's dominion.
 And when united once again,
 'Twill be so neat and handy,
 To sing the words of " Home, sweet home,"
 To Yankee doodle dandy ! — CHORUS.

THE SOLDIER'S REVERIE.

By Charles Slatter. 8s & 7s.

- I AM dreaming, sadly dreaming,
Of the loved ones far away ;
Gloomy thoughts do crowd upon me,
And my heart is sad to-day.
Fancy's chain is thrown about me,
And I'm thinking of the time
When I left that dear old homestead
For a distant Southern clime,
- 2 When my white-haired aged father,
With a tear-drop in his eye,
Took my hand and gently whispered,
" God be with thee, boy, good-by ! "
Then my kind and gentle mother
Pressed one kiss upon my cheek,
And with longing eyes gazed on me
With a heart too full to speak !
- 3 But oft other thoughts come o'er me,
Of a maiden young and fair,
With a brow of sunny whiteness,
Shaded by soft auburn hair ;
Who, upon one moonlight evening,
'Neath the towering old oak-tree
When the moon was shining brightly,
Promised to be true to me.
- 4 Words of hope and love she whispered,
Bade me by my country stand ;
Ne'er to let this land of freedom
Be despoiled by traitorous hands.
I am dreaming, sadly dreaming,
As I'm sitting here alone,
And my heart doth yearn for comfort
From the dear loved ones at home.

WE HAVE YIELDED UP OUR DARLING.

By Lilly Lovette. Se & Ts.

MOURNFULLY beneath the willow,
 In a cold and narrow bed,
 With the chill earth for a pillow,
 We have left our noble dead.
 Fast and thick our tears were falling
 As we took our last farewell ;
 For the lost our hearts are calling
 With an anguish none can tell.

2 Tender hands had gently borne him
 From the hard-fought battle-field,
 Where, our country's banner o'er him,
 He had forced the foe to yield.
 Bravely 'mid the deafening rattle,
 And the conflict's smoke and roar,
 He had stemmed the tide of battle
 'Till the fray was almost o'er.

3 There the fatal missile found him,
 All his dauntless soul aglow,
 With the signs of triumph round him,
 And the fast retreating foe.
 Braver heart than his beat never ;
 His a patriot's dauntless zeal.
 Ah ! that loyal hearts should ever
 Fall before a traitor's steel !

4 From that fatal field returning,
 We have lain him down to rest ;
 But the patriot fire is burning
 Brightly in each loyal breast.
 And we think, while tears are falling
 Thickly o'er that hallowed sod,
 We have yielded up our darling
 To his Country and his God.

SEND THEM HOME TENDERLY.

Time, "Troubadour."

"I pray you to cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers, dead in Baltimore, to be immediately laid out, and tenderly sent forward by express to me." — *Gov. Andrew's Dispatch to the Mayor of Baltimore.*

SEND them home tenderly,
 Guard them with care ;
 Eager eyes tearfully
 Watch for them there ;
 Home-hearts are mournfully
 Throbbing to know
 Gifted and manly sons,
 Stricken so low.

2 Send them home tenderly,
 To the fair sod,
 First by the martyr-souled
 Puritans trod ;
 Blue hill and ocean wave
 Echo the prayer, —
 " Send them home tenderly,
 Love waits them there ! "

3 Send them home tenderly ;
 Poor breathless clay !
 Yet what high hopefulness
 Bore them away ;
 Hand to hand, clingly,
 Linked in brave trust —
 Tenderly, tenderly,
 Bear home their dust.

4 Send them home tenderly ;
 Think of the sire,
 Struggling with mighty sobs,
 By the low fire ;
 Think how a mother's heart
 Hourly hath bled !
 Tenderly tenderly,
 Bear home her dead !

SONG OF THE UNION.

By Rev. J. W. Cummings, D. D. 8s & 6s.

- ERE Peace and Freedom, hand in hand,
 Went forth to bless this happy land,
 And make it their abode,
 It was the footstool of a throne :
 But now no master here is known,
 No King is feared but God.
- 2 Americans uprose in might,
 And triumphed in the unequal fight,
 For Union made them strong.
 Union ! the magic battle-cry
 That hurled the tyrant from on high,
 And crushed his hireling throng !
- 3 That word since then hath shone on high
 In starry letters to the sky —
 It is our country's name !
 What impious hand shall rashly dare
 Down from its lofty peak to tear
 The banner of her fame ?
- 4 The spirits of the heroic dead,
 Who for Columbia fought and bled,
 Would curse the dastard son
 Who should betray the noble trust,
 And madly trample in the dust
 That charter which they won.
- 5 From vast Niagara's gurgling roar
 To Sacramento's golden shore,
 From east to western wave,
 The blended vows of millions rise,
 Their voice reëchoes to the skies —
 " The Union we must save ! "
- 6 The God of nations, in whose name
 The sacred laws obedience claim,
 Will bless our fond endeavor
 To dwell as brethren here below,
 The Union then, come weal, come woe,
 We will preserve forever !

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

- OH ! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
 gleaming ;
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the per-
 ilous fight, [streaming ?
 O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
 there !
 Oh ! say, does the star-spangled banner still wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave ?
- 2 On the shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses ?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines on the stream ;
 'Tis the star-spangled banner ! oh ! long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
- 3 And where is the band, who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country should leave us no more ?
 Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pol-
 lution.
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave ;
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
- 4 Oh ! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved home and war's desolation ;
 Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-res-
 cued land [nation.
 Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto — " In God is our trust ! "
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

"AMERICA."

By Mrs. E. A. Bacon Lothrop. C. M.

WE'D heard the old familiar tune
An hundred times before,
While peace encircled its white arms
Around our happy shore ;
Now dawned a morning such as filled
Our grandsires with alarm,
When measured tramp and rolling drum
Broke on the Sabbath's calm.

2 One thought possessed us, as we sought
As wont the sacred seat ;
Our burden was our perilled land
We laid at holy feet.
Then how the fire within us burned,
When, from the organ's roll,
And from young patriotic lips
The dear old anthem stole.

3 Before us lay the golden fields
Of freemen's happy homes,
Beneath whose green and flowery sod
Lay martyrs' sacred bones.
We wept like those exiles of old,
To think of what might be, —
How mute would be our lips without
The banner of the free.

4 O God ! that one foul blot should mar
Our nation with its wrong !
But let it rouse our slumbering love
To one grand, choral song.
We, mothers, sisters, wives, we yield
Our life-blood unto thee ;
God and our country ! take our sons,
Our all, for liberty.

* "WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?"

By C. C. Sawyer.—Music at Sawyer & Thompson's, 59 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHY am I so weak and weary?
 See how faint my heated breath!
 All around to me seems darkness:
 Tell me, comrades, is this death?
 Ah! how well I know your answer!
 To my fate I meekly bow,
 If you'll only tell me truly,
 Who will care for mother now?

CHORUS.—Soon with angels I'll be marching,
 With bright laurels on my brow;
 I have for my country fallen,—
 Who will care for mother now?

2 Who will comfort her in sorrow?
 Who will dry the falling tear,
 Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead,
 Who will whisper words of cheer?
 Even now I think I see her
 Kneeling, praying for me! how
 Can I leave her in her anguish?
 Who will care for mother now?

CHORUS.—Soon with angels, &c.

3 Let this knapsack be my pillow,
 And my mantle be the sky;
 Hasten, comrades, to the battle!
 I will like a soldier die!
 Soon with angels I'll be marching,
 With bright laurels on my brow;
 I have for my Country fallen,—
 Who will care for mother now?

CHORUS.—Soon with angels, &c.

*During one of our late battles, among many other noble fellows that fell, was a young man who had been the only support of an aged and sick mother for years. Hearing the surgeon tell those who were near him that he could not live, he placed his hand across his forehead, and, with a trembling voice, said, while burning tears ran down his fevered cheeks, "Who will care for mother now?"

THE NEW RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

FOR Freedom, the soul of our nation ;
 For Union, the bond of our love,
 We join in a patriot ovation —
 The Stars and the Stripes still above !
 Our spirits, in throbbing communion,
 The oath of our Fathers renew —
 To cherish this glorious Union,
 And stand by the Red, White, and Blue.
 Repeat.

- 2 From lands where the millions are yearning
 For freedom from Tyranny's bars,
 The eyes of their patriots are turning,
 In hope, to the Stripes and the Stars.
 By brave Garibaldi's devotion,
 By Hungary's purpose so true,
 They call to us, over the ocean,
 To stand by the Red, White, and Blue.
 Repeat.
- 3 No rebels nor traitors shall sever
 The bonds which our Washington wrought,
 For "Union" unchanging forever,
 Is shrined in each patriot's thought !
 Our love and our faith are not hollow —
 In strength they were nourished and grew—
 The Flag of our Fathers we'll follow,
 And stand by the Red, White, and Blue.
 Repeat.
- 4 Our voices are joined in communion,
 The Stars and the Stripes are above ;
 Huzza, then, for Freedom and Union !
 Huzza for the land that we love !
 The old Union ship, Constitution,
 Is staunch in her timbers, and true, —
 And safe o'er the gulf, Dissolution,
 We'll sail her in Red, White, and Blue.
 Repeat.

THE DEFENDERS.

By T. Buchanan Read. — Tune, "Hail to the Chief."

OUR flag on the land and our flag on the ocean,
 An angel of peace wheresoever it goes —
 Nobly sustained by Columbia's devotion,
 The angel of death it shall be to our foes !
 True to its native sky
 Shall our eagle fly,
 Casting his sentinel glances afar,
 Though bearing the Olive branch
 Still in his talons staunch,
 Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war !

2 Hark to the sound ! there's a foe on our border —
 A foe striding on to the gulf of his doom,
 Freemen are rising and marching in order,
 Leaving the plough, and the anvil, and loom.
 Swift as Niagara pours,
 Down there from Northern shores,
 They march, and their tread wakes the earth with its jar !
 Under the Stripes and Stars,
 Each with the soul of Mars,
 Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war !

3 Spite of the sword or assassin's stiletto,
 While throbs a heart in the breast of the brave,
 The oak of the North or the Southern palmetto
 Shall shelter no foe, except in his grave.
 While the Gulf billow breaks,
 Echoing the Northern lakes,
 And ocean replies unto ocean afar,
 Yield we no inch of land
 While there's a patriot hand
 Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war !

SELECT READINGS.

FOR THE LECTURE-ROOM AND SOCIAL ASSEMBLY.

BE FREE.

By H. Tuttle.

- B**E free ! yea, 'tis a gift which God hath given,
Whate'er thy color, sex, or caste may be ;
Then let thy man-made chains fore'er be riven,
And in thy God-made likeness say, I'm free.
- 2 What though the world and thou mayst disagree,
And fashion's gilded menials at thee sneer ;
Far sweeter is God's gift of liberty
Than gorgeous bondage e'en with pampered cheer.
- 3 Then loose the ties,—bid hoary creeds adieu,
And flee the upas wave of worldly pride ;
To God, and to thine own God-like self be true .
And though earth frown, to heaven thou'lt be allied.
- 4 Yes, press thou on ! cope fearlessly with wrong,
And thou shalt win the gem of peace divine ;
Angelic voices will thy praise prolong,
And laurels never fading will be thine.
- 5 Then e'er be free ! bask in the glorious light,
Which from the sun of truth is freely given ;
And when the tie is broke which stays thy flight,
With pinions loosed thou'lt soar from earth to heaven.

OVER THERE.

*The following Poem was published originally in the New York "Weekly Tribune."
Author unknown.*

OH, the spacious, grand plantation
 Over there !
 Shining like a constellation
 Over there ;
 Holy with a consecration
 From all tears and tribulation,
 From all crime, and grief, and care,
 To all uses good and fair,
 Over there.

2 Always brooding warm and olden
 Sleeps the shimmer, mellow-golden,
 Over there.
 Never blighting shadow passes
 O'er the silky, star-eyed grasses,
 Waving wide their flowing hair,
 Over there.

3 Oh, the grand encamping mountains
 Over there !
 Oh, the sheeny-spouted fountains
 Leaping there !
 Banner-leaved and palmy plantains
 Waft aside the beamy slantings,
 With their slumber-heavy chantings
 Hushing all the tired pantings,
 Over there.

4 Murmur ever-welling waters
 Over there,
 Dimpling round the dusky daughters
 Bathing there.

Undulating bodies darkle
Through the fluent sapphire sparkle,
Rising over, rolling under,
To the billows' drowsy thunder,
Heaving idly, floating stilly,
Languid like the lotus-lily,
Falling, floating with the wave,
Drowning in its dreamy grave,
Weary toil and heavy care,
Deadly grief and dumb despair,
Over there.

5 Brilliant blossoms breathe and burn

Over there ;
Nectar-drunken nods the fern
By the tulip's ruby urn,
Over there ;
And the rose's red, divine
Flashes by the saintly shrine
Of the lily's argentine,
Over there.
Orange-buds and passion-flowers
Lattice the hymenial bowers,
Over there ;
Violets and heliotropes
Pant along the purple slopes,
Over there ;
Fringed eyes of gentianelles,
Drowsing in the dreamy dells,
Are by wooing zephyrs kissed
Into humid amethyst,
Over there ;

All the heavenly creatures born
Of the breeze, the dew, the morn,
Still divinelier breathe and blow,
Drape their purple, drift their snow,
Quaff their crimson, sheen their gold,
Throb their odors manifold
On the palpitating air,
On the back impulsing air,
Over there.

6 Oh, the royal forests growing
Over there !
Breath of balasm ever blowing
Over there ;
Pine-trees swing their odory chime,
Palm-trees lift their plummy prime,
In the ever-Eden time,
Over there ;
Dying languors swoon upon
Cassia, cane, and cinnamon,
Over there ;
And a passionate perfume
Fills the dim, delicious gloom,
Starry with the blossomed planets
Of the scarlet pomegranates,
Over there.

7 Through arcades of fig and myrtle,
Over there,
Mailed insects flash and hurtle
In the air ;
O'er the dewy groves of spice
Floats the bird of paradise,
Over there ;

Other lustrous birds are winging
Lower flights for sweeter singing,
And their silver-throated story
Filleth all the woods with glory,
Over there.

8 Luscious fruits are ever juicing
Over there ;
All their veins are amber-sluing
Syrups for celestial using,
Over there ;
Oozing from the branches sunny,
All around,
Slowly drips the lucid honey,
On the ground,
Gathered, innocent of care,
Over there.

9 Tendrilled bowers are always vining
Over there ;
Bloomy grapes are always wining
Over there ;
Pendulous and brown banannas
Ripen in the warm savannas,
Tolling refluxent hosannas
On the sleepy, scented air,
Over there.

10 Nighful eyes with bliss are brimming
Over there ;
Laughter blends with happy hymning
Over there ;
Love communes in gentle glances,
Feet responsive glide in dances,
Lambent smiles on lovely faces,
Shapes mobile to soft embraces
People all the pleasant places
Over there ;

Stately ship or stealthy oar
Never, never, nevermore,
Bear them from that blessed shore
Over there.

11 No salt tears the ground is drenching
Over there ;
Faint with fear no form is blenching
Over there ;
And no lifted hands are reaching,
In a frantical beseeching,
Over there ;
And no smothered moaning mournful,
Meeteth sullen laughter scornful,
Over there.

12 No more crouching in the canebrake
Over there ;
No more agonizing heart-quake
Over there ;
No more desperate endeavors,
No more separating evers,
No more desolating nevers
Over there.

13 No more blistered brows are sweating
Over there ;
Never clenched fist is threatening
Over there ;
No more marble-hearted master
Shouting fiercely, " Get on faster ! "
Over there ;
No more linked limbs are quaking,
No more burdened backs are aching,
No more hearts are breaking, breaking,
Over there.

- 14 Gales are sailing, heavy-freighted,
 Over there ;
With a dying richness sated,
 Over there ;
Nothing else is heavy-laden,
Neither dusky man nor maiden,
 Over there ;
Nothing else is born for sighing,
Only those sweet gales replying,
 Over there ;
Nothing else is doomed for dying,
Save those languid gales replying,
 Over there ;
And they sigh for utter sweetness,
Fainting in a full completeness,
Ever swooning, ever sighing,
Ever languishing and dying,
 Over there.

NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

- TALKING of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood, in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.
- 2 And a "Churchman" down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name :
" Good father, stop ; when you cross this tide
You must leave your robes on the other side.
- 3 But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.
- 4 " I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there
I shall want my book of Common Prayer ;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."
- 5 Then he fixed his eye on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.
- 6 I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide ;
And no one asked, in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to "*the Church*" or not.
- 7 Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of a sober hue was made ;
" My coat and hat must be all of gray,
I cannot go any other way."
- 8 Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

- 9 But a strong wind carried away his hat ;
A moment he silently sighed over that,
And then, as he gazed to the farther shore,
The coat slipped off and was seen no more.
- 10 As he entered heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing away away,
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.
- 11 Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of Psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven " all around " might sing.
- 12 But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised as, one by one,
The Psalms and Hymns in the wave went down.
- 13 And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness,
But he cried, " Dear me, what shall I do ?
The water has soaked them through and through."
- 14 And there on the river far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide,
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.
- 15 Then gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopped at the river's brink
I saw one saint from the other shrink.
- 16 " Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end ? "
" Thus, with a few drops on my brow."
" But *I* have been dipped, as you'll see me now.

- 17 " And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm ' close communion,' to cross with you ;
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, I'll go this."
- 18 Then straightway plunging, with all his might,
Away to the left, — his friend at the right, —
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.
- 19 And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down ;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.
- 20 And concerning the road they could never agree,
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be ;
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.
- 21 But the *brethren* only seemed to speak,
Modest the sisters walked, and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way ;
- 22 How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross o'er the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then :
" Let no one one speak but the ' holy men.'"
- 23 " For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
' Oh, let the women keep silence all ' ?"
I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream.
- 24 Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over, side by side.

- 25 Side by side, for the way was one ;
 The toilsome journey of life was done ;
 And Priest and Quaker, and all who died,
 Came out alike on the other side.
- 26 No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
 No gowns of silk, or suits of gray,
 No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
 For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED.

Anonymous.

JUDGE not ! — though clouds of seeming guilt may
 dim thy brother's fame ;
 For fate may throw suspicion's shade upon the bright-
 est name ; [may
 Thou canst not tell what hidden chain of circumstances
 Have wrought the sad result that takes an honest
 name away. JUDGE NOT !

- 2 Judge not ! — the vilest criminal may rightfully demand
 A chance to prove his innocence by jury of his land ;
 And surely one who ne'er was known to break his
 plighted word
 Should not be hastily condemned to obloquy unheard.
 JUDGE NOT !

- 3 Judge not ! — thou canst not tell how soon the look of
 bitter scorn [in the morn.
 May rest on thee, though pure thy heart as dew-drops
 Thou dost not know what freak of fate may place upon
 thy brow
 A cloud of shame to kill the joy that rests upon it now.
 JUDGE NOT !

- 4 Judge not ! — but rather in thy heart let gentle pity dwell:
 Man's judgment errs, but there is One who "doeth all
 things well." [in view :
 Ever throughout the voyage of life this precept keep
 "Do unto others as thou wouldst that they should do
 to you." JUDGE NOT !

SOUTHWARD, HO !

SOUTHWARD, ho ! 'twas a stormy chorus
Thundering forth from the years of old,
As down from the crests of the Himalaya
Madly the Scythian war-tide rolled.
Wave on wave, in their strong pulsations,
Hurled from the Northland's bounding veins ;
On they poured, like a tide of terror,
Over the teeming Indian plains,
Strewing their path with the fallen altars,
The dusky gold and the starry gems,
The pearl-wrought girdles of Hindoo princes,
And wealth of her priceless diadems.
O'er the shattered throne and the wrecked pagoda
Swelled that pæan of savage joy,
As ever onward the locust legions
Swept to desolate and destroy.
Yet a higher strength and greatness even
To India's tawny millions came, —
From the bounding blood of the Northern nations,
Their nerves of steel and their souls of flame !

2 Southward, ho ! 'twas a grander anthem,
When, from their far-off frozen home,
The sturdy sons of the Northern war-gods
Poured on the rotting wreck of Rome.
Gone was the might of the ancient empire ;
Power and beauty had passed away ;
All things foul and vile and hateful
Hovered around her rank decay.
Gone was the grand, heroic daring,
Which had made her younger years sublime ;
The blood was chilly, and weak, and nerveless,
That flowed through the shrunken veins of Time

So a stronger life and a mightier spirit,
Forth from the stormy North were hurled,
And filled with the strength of a new creation
The withered limbs of the dead old world.
And over the ashes of desolation
Those Vandals sowed in their gory way
The glowing light of the modern ages,
Till it blazed and bloomed like a heavenly day !

- 3 Southward, ho ! how the mighty chorus
Shook the depths of the Northern seas,
When the countless ships of the stern old Vikings
Spread their wings to the Boreal breeze.
Joyfully, from the barren mountains,
The frozen fiords and the glaciers cold,
They turned their prows to the sunnier oceans,
Which in the unknown Austral rolled.
Down on the lands where the Celt and Saxon
Reaped their fields on a peaceful shore,
They bore the name of the mighty Odin,
And the martial joy of the thunderer Thor.
And up from a thousand fields of battle,
From the northern giants' glorious graves,
Springs the power which has made Britannia
Ocean-queen of the western waves.
Southward, ho ! how the grand old war-cry
Thunders over our land to-day ;
Rolling down from the Eastern mountains,
Dying into the West away.

- 4 The South has fallen from her ancient glory,
Bowed in slavery, crime, and shame ;
And forth from his storehouse God is sending
Another tempest of steel and flame !
SOUTHWARD, HO ! bear on the watchword !
Onward march, as in ancient days ;

Till over the traitors' fallen fortress
 The stripes shall stream, and the stars shall blaze !
 For the Northern arm is mailed with thunder,
 And the Northern heart beats high and warm !
 And a stronger life shall spring in glory
 In the path of the southward rushing storm.
 The ancient wrong shall shrink and perish,
 The darkness fly from their radiant van ;
 And a southern empire rise in grandeur,
 For Freedom, Truth, and the rights of man.
 Ever thus when in future ages,
 Manhood fails on the tropic plains,
 Send, O God, thy Northern giants
 To pour fresh blood through their feeble veins.

THE CONTENTED WIFE.

By Nilla. 

- I** WOULD not change this happy scene
 For all the earth calls proudly great ;
 I would not change my humble home
 For kingly rank or queenly state.
- 2 I would not change my husband's love
 For all that earth can give of fame ;
 Nor barter his approving smile
 To wreath a halo round my name !
- 3 I would not change my child's sweet glance
 For all the love earth's wealth could gain ;
 Nor change the certain bliss I feel,
 For all ambition might obtain.
- 4 What blessings, great and numberless,
 My God with sweetest hopes hath blent, —
 A happy home, endearing friends,
 With health and love and true content !

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

By the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers ;
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was
dearth of woman's tears ;
But a comrade knelt beside him, while his life-blood
ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say ;
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's
hand,
And he said, " I never more shall see my own, my native
land ;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of
mine,
For I was born at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine.

- 2 " Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and
crowd around
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard-
ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and, when the day
was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting
sun ;
And 'midst the dead and dying were some grown old in
wars, —
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of
many scars.
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn
decline ;
And one had come from Bingen, fair Bingen on the
Rhine.
- 3 " Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her
old age ;
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a
cage ;
For my father was a soldier, and, even as a child,

My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce
and wild.

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's
sword ;

And with boyish love I hung it, where the bright light
used to shine,

On the cottage wall at Bingen, calm Bingen on the
Rhine.

- 4 " Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with droop-
ing head,

When the troops are marching home again, with glad and
gallant tread ;

But look upon them proudly, with calm and steadfast
eye,

For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die.

And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame ;

And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's
sword and mine,)

For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine.

- 5 " There's another — not a sister ; in the happy days
gone by,

You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled
in her eye ;

Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning ;

O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes
heaviest mourning !

Tell her the last night of my life, (for ere this moon be
risen

My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison,)

I dreamed I stood with her and saw the yellow sunlight
shine

On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, fair Bingen on the
Rhine !

6 "I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, — I heard, or
 seemed to hear,
 The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and
 clear ;
 And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
 That echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm
 and still ;
 And her glad blue eyes were on me as we passed with
 friendly talk,
 Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remember-
 ed walk.
 And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine, —
 But we'll meet no more at Bingen, loved Bingen on the
 Rhine."

7 His voice grew faint and hoarser, his grasp was childish
 weak ;
 His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed, and ceased to
 speak ;
 His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had
 fled, —
 The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead !
 And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked
 down
 On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses
 strown ;
 Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed
 to shine,
 As it shone on distant Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

MEDIUMS.

Nine years since I was sitting with our gifted brother, that poetically inspired medium, Thomas L. Harris, and he spoke the following poem. — Dr. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia.

THESE are the deathless palms,
 That rise above the deserts of this world ;
 In their cool shade sweet flowers exhale their balms ;

Flowers of delight, whose petals are unfurled
To cheer the wanderers o'er the dreary waste,
Yet mortals pass them by in eager haste.

- 2 These are the glowing stars
Kindled above earth's firmament, the lamps
Shining on prised Nature, through the bars
Of mortal flesh, and casting o'er the damps
And vapors of sepulchre, the light
Of the eternal world beyond our sight.

- 3 These are the mystic lyres
That quiver, thrilled by angel-hands that blow,
Wafting from where on high seraphic choirs
Chant their full anthems. Strains of human woe
Discordantly oppose their holy song,
But end, as death itself shall end ere long.

- 4 These are the Eden birds
That soar and sing, while all the world is dark,
Raining for heaven their sweet and holy words ;
But few, as yet, the deathless music hark,
Being enthralled in sleep. Alas ! they sing
With bruised breast and broken wing.

- 5 These are the pioneers
Treading the unknown path that leads the race
From midnight's gloom to morn's eternal years,
From the cold graveyard up to God's own face, —
The champions of the race, though bearing shame,
Who bring good tidings in the Father's name.

- 6 And these shall multiply
Till each land their mighty works shall know ;
And every heart hold converse with the sky ;
And every spirit, freed from mortal woe,
Share in heaven's sacraments ; and earth grow calm
As whitest angels singing 'neath his palm.

GOD'S ANVIL.

PAIN'S furnace-heat within me quivers ;
God's breath upon the flame doth blow ;
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow ;
And yet I whisper, "As God will,"
And in his hottest fire hold still !

2 He comes and lays my heart all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so,
Into his own fair shape to beat it,
With his great hammer, blow on blow ;
And yet, I whisper, "As God will,"
And 'neath his heaviest blows hold still !

3 He takes my softened heart and beats it ;
The sparks fly off at every blow ;
He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow ;
And yet I whisper, "As God will,"
And in his mighty hand hold still !

4 Why should I murmur ? for the sorrow
Thus only longer lived must be ;
The end must come, and may to-morrow ;
A better future I shall see ;
So I say, trusting, "As God will,"
And hoping, suffer and hold still.

5 He kindles for my profit purely,
Affliction's hot and fiery brand ;
And all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a master hand ;
So I say, praying, "As God will,"
And, waiting, suffer and hold still.

OH! TAKE ME HOME

Written by Miss A. W. Sprague, while sick at Oneego, N. Y., and found among her papers by her mother, in Plymouth, Vt., after her demise.

OH! take me home, I cannot bear
In this strange land to die;
With stranger hands to smooth my brow,
And close my dying eye.

2 My mother through the weary night
Is waiting me to come;
I cannot die in this strange land;
Oh, take me, take me home.

3 The tones I hear are stranger tones;
Familiar sounds and dear
Seem far away, — so far away
They cannot reach me here.

4 Why far away from that loved spot,
Dear kindred, did I roam?
I cannot die in this strange land!
Oh, take me, *take me home*.

5 How can I rest within my shroud
That stranger hands should make?
How can I sleep within my grave?
My mother's heart will break!

6 The sun may shine upon the grave,
The purest air may come,
Yet who could rest in this strange land!
Oh, take me, take me home.

7 I miss my mother's hand to wipe
The death-damp from my brow;
I miss the last clasp of her hand,
I miss her strangely now!

8 Alone I cannot find my way
To heaven's celestial dome;
Let me *not die* in this strange land,
Oh! take me, take me home.

HEAVEN.

By Dr. H. C. Champlin, Washington, D. C.

HEAVEN, is it a place ?
Then where to go to buy the grace,
Is what my heart doth seek for.
Is it at church ! the market's found ?
Dost come to all who wear the gown ?
Or, is it found among the poor,
The outcast from the Father's door,
Whom pride and arrogance doth hate,
And cast aside with sheer disdain,
As if they were the subjects of
A God, not worthy of their love,
And therefore it were right for them,
To curse and scourge them as was Cain,
Because he had his brother slain ?
Slain, why ? because he had no lambe
The fat of which as well as rams,
Would be to him his soul's demands,
More precious than the fruit of hands,
From honest labor on the lands !
But he who could, without his work,
Keep flocks of sheep and herds of goats,
Might bring an offering in his courts,
And not offend the Lord of Hosts ;
While nature's fruits of worth and use,
Might only meet with sure abuse,
And bring to him who offered them
Both condemnation and the pain
Of having labored all in vain,
To please his God by raising grain ;
For sheep and goats as well as man,
Who ne'er had tried to till the land,
Nor eat his bread by sweat of brow,

Man could alone his life retrieve,
And out of evil save his Eve.
Now Abel, he to blame was not,
No more than Cain for what he'd got.
Each brought of his the things he had,
Wherefore should God have made Cain mad ?
Did he not do it ?
Then pray tell me,
Why one is one, and two are three,
The older first, 'tis plain to see,
His brother's keeper ought to be,
Till time and circumstance together,
Had taught them both to love each other.
But no, not so ; for God the giver
Rejected grain, accepted liver.
Hence blood must flow where'er we go,
With rich or poor, with high or low,
Because the priests have made it so ;
And thus poor man has come to be
The jealous creature which we see.
Displeased with all except what he
Deems most conducive to his ease,
And thus himself instead of God doth *please*.
Oh, wretched one ! what work you've done !
Look through the world, then ask God's Son,
Who came a better era to unfold,
If heaven's bought with sheep or gold !
Hark ! hear him say, as plain as day,
Ye all may come to God this way ;
No blood of bulls or goats he craves,
Nor ashes from a heifer *saves* ;
But each to others do and say,
As you'd have others do this day,
Remembering, while you do and say,
The kingdom is for what you pray ;
To be within you wholly cast,
Or you're a reprobate at last.
So here's no use for gold or silver

But for good works by all God's children,
Of love and mercy with it cast.
'Twill seize God's throne and hold it fast,
And save the whole without a priest,
For heaven is within you.

"PRAYER FOR THE MILLION."

GOD of the mountain, God of the storm,
God of the flowers, God of the worm !
Hear us and bless us,
Forgive us, redress us ;
Breathe on our spirits thy love and thy healing ;
Teach us content with thy fatherly dealing ;
Teach us to love thee,
To love one another, brother his brother,
And make us all free, —
Free from the shackles of ancient tradition ;
And show us 'tis manly, 'tis God-like to labor !

- 2 God of the darkness, God of the sun,
God of the beautiful, God of each one,
Clothe us and feed us,
Illume us and lead us ;
Show us that avarice holds us in thrall, —
That the land is all thine, and thou givest to all.
Scatter our blindness,
Help us do right all the day and the night,
To love mercy and kindness ;
Aid us to conquer mistakes of the past ;
Show us our future to cheer us and arm us,
The upper, the better, the mansions thou hast ;
And God of the grave, that the grave cannot harm us

BORROBOOLA GHA.

- A STRANGER preached last Sunday,
And crowds of people came
To hear a two-hour sermon
With a barbarous-sounding name ;
'Twas all about some heathens,
Thousands of miles afar,
Who live in a land of darkness,
Called " Borroboola Gha."
- 2 So well their wants he pictured,
That when the plates were passed;
Each listener felt his pockets,
And goodly sums were cast ;
For all must lend a shoulder
To push the rolling car
That carries light and comfort
To " Borroboola Gha."
- 3 That night their wants and sorrows
Lay heavy on my soul,
And, deep in meditation,
I took my morning stroll ;
Till something caught my mantle
With eager grasp and wild,
And looking down in wonder,
I saw a little child, —
- 4 A pale and puny creature,
In rags and dirt forlorn ;
What could she want ? I questioned,
Impatient to be gone.
With trembling voice she answered,
" We live just down the street,
And mamma she's a-dyin',
And we've nothing left to eat."

5 Down in a wretched basement,
With mould upon the walls,
Through whose half-buried windows
God's sunlight never falls ;
Where cold, and want, and hunger
Crouched near her as she lay,
I found a fellow-creature
Gasping her life away.

6 A chair, a broken table,
A bed of dirty straw,
A hearth all dark and cheerless, —
But these I scarcely saw ;
For the mournful sight before me,
The sad and sickening show, —
Oh ! never had I pictured
A scene so full of woe.

7 The famished and the naked,
The babes that pined for bread,
The squalid group that huddled
Around the dying bed, —
All this distress and sorrow
Should be in lands afar.
Was I suddenly transported
To " Borroboola Gha ? "

8 Ah, lo ! the poor and wretched
Were close behind the door,
And I had passed them heedless
A hundred times before.
Alas ! for the cold and hungry,
That meet me every day,
While all my tears were given
To the suffering far away.

- 9 There's work enough for Christians
 In distant lands we know ;
 Our Lord commands his servants
 Through all the world to go.
Not only for the heathen,
 This was the charge to them ;
 "Go, preach the Word, beginning
First at Jerusalem."
- 10 O Christian ! God has promised,
 Whoe'er to thee has given
 A cup of pure cold water,
 Shall find reward in heaven.
 Would you secure the blessing,
 You need not seek it far ;
 You'll find in yonder hovel
 A "Borroboola Gha."

HALL'S BROOK.

By Cousin Benja.

IT sprang to life, this little brook,
 Among the leaves and rushes,
 Then forced itself through rock and root,
 In little jets and gushes ;
 It stops to take a cooling bath
 Beneath the maple shadows,
 Then runs along its crooked path,
 Through all the grassy meadows ;
 It strings its silver beads along
 The sunny way before us,
 And while it sings its little song,
 I sing to you the chorus.

- 2 It runs through roots of fern and brake,
 That form a natural filter ;
 It waits awhile, — a little lake,
 Where Ephraim dips his pitcher, —

Then sliding through the mossy flume
Above the rocky ledges,
It dashes down its living tomb
Around the laurel hedges ;
It sprawls, it frets, it moves along
The shady path before us ;
And while it sings its little song,
I sing to you the chorus.

- 3 It hides within its crystal tanks
The little trout and perches ;
The children sport its mossy banks,
With fishing-rods of birches ;
And when the moonbeams o'er it play,
Or on its bosom quiver,
It catches up each golden ray,
And dances to the river.
Oh, many a truth it brings along,
And holds them up before us,
And while it sings its little song,
I sing to you the chorus.

- 4 It drinks the health to old and young,
It makes no bloated noses ;
It keeps the harp of life well strung,
And paints the cheek with roses ;
It has a little mirror-bowl
In all its drinking places,
That those who sip may there behold
Their cheerful, happy faces ;
It bids us in the right be strong,
It points the way before us,
And while it sings its little song,
I sing to you the chorus.

THE SURE LIFE.

By Thomas H. Howard, New Orleans.

I LONG for the sure life
In the spirit-land over my head, —
For the life I shall live with the dead,
The happy and pure life.

- 2 Yet here for this poor life
I live, I give thanks, — not for bread,
But because I can build overhead
In the happy and sure life ;
- 3 Can build in the sure life,
Oh, not with my hands, but instead
With the thoughts which I share with the dead
While here I endure life.
- 4 For what can so cure life
Of evil with which it is wed,
As the glory departed ones shed
Down into this poor life ;
- 5 Into this poor life,
Where all the years tremble with dread,
But where yearnings are made into bread
And drink for the sure life ?
- 6 Oh, this obscure life
We shall not call *life* when 'tis fled,
But a dream in the caverns of dread,
Down under the pure life.
- 7 My life and your life
Are lighted with suns overhead,
Unseen save in moments abed,
When sleep kills this poor life.
- 8 Then in the sure life,
With our sins for a short season shed,
We walk hand in hand with the dead,
Beginning the pure life ;
- 9 The pure life, the sure life,
The life of the *gone*, of the dead ;
The life of delight which is bred
Up out of this poor life.
-

THE TWO SOUTHERN MOTHERS.

"Continental Monthly."

HEARD you not the din of battle,
Cannon's roar and musket's rattle,

Clash of sword, and shriek of shell.
Victor's shout and vanquished yell?

- 2 Saw you not yon scene of slaughter,
Human blood poured out like water ;
Northern valor, Southern pride,
Stern resolve on either side ?
- 3 Cheering on his flagging men,
Rallying to the charge again,
Comes a bullet charged with grief,
Strikes the brave confederate chief.
- 4 Down he falls, amid the strife,
Horses trampling out his life ;
Scarce can his retreating force
Find and save his mangled corse.
- 5 Home they bore him to his mother, —
He was all she had, — none other ;
Woful mother ! who can borrow
Words to paint her frantic sorrow ?
- 6 As she mourned her slaughtered brave,
Came and spake her aged slave,
Came and spake with solemn brow :
“ Missis, we is even now.
- 7 “ I had ten, and you had one ;
Now we're even, — all are gone ;
Not one left to bury either, —
Slave and mistress mourn together.
- 8 “ *Every one of mine you sold,*
Now your own lies stark and cold ;
To the just avenger bow ;
Missis ! I forgive you *now*.”
- 9 Thus she spoke, that sable mother ;
Shuddering, quailed and crouched the other ;
Yea ! although it tarry long,
PAYMENT SHALL BE MADE FOR WRONG.

EVERMORE.

By Knight.—Tune, "Chant," p. 235 "Psalms of Life."

I BEHELD a golden portal in the visions of my slum-
ber, [day,
And through it streamed the radiance of a never-setting
While angels, tall and beautiful, and countless without
number,

Were giving gladsome greeting to all who came that way.
And the gate forever swinging, made no grating, no
harsh ringing,

Melodious as the singing of one that we adore ;
And I heard a chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's
telling, [Evermore !
And the burden of that chorus was Hope's glad word

2 And as I gazed and listened, came a slave all worn and
weary. [damp,

His fetter-links blood-crusted, his dark brow cold and
His sunken eyes gleamed wildly, telling tales of horror
dreary, — [swamp ;

Of toilsome strugglings through the night amid the fever-
Ere the eye had time for winking, ere the mind had time
for thinking, [ters tore ;

A bright angel raised the sinking wretch and off his fet-
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mor-
tal's telling, [evermore ! "

" Pass brother, through our portal, thou'rt a freeman

3 And as I gazed and listened, came a mother wildly weep-
ing, [away ;

" I have lost my hopes forever ; one by one they went
My children and their father the cold grave hath in keep-
ing,

Life is one long lamentation, I know nor night nor day ! "
Then the angel softly speaking, " Stay, sister, stay thy
sbricking, [golden door ! "

Thou shalt find those thou art seeking, beyond that

Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,

“Thy children and their father shall be with thee evermore !

4 And as I gazed and listened, came a cold, blue-footed maiden,

With cheeks of ashen whiteness, eyes filled with lurid light ;

Her body bent with sickness, her lone heart heavy laden ;

Her home had-been the roofless street, her day had been the night.

First wept the angel sadly, then smiled the angel gladly,
And caught the maiden madly rushing from the golden door.

Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,

“Enter, sister, thou art pure, and thou art sinless evermore !”

5 I saw the toiler enter to rest for aye from labor,

The weary-hearted exile there found his native land ;
The beggar there could greet the king as equal and a neighbor ;

The crown had left the kingly brow, the staff the beggar's hand.

And the gate forever swinging, made no grating, no harsh ringing,

Melodious as the singing of one that we adore.

And the chorus still was swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,

While the vision faded from me, with the glad word
“Evermore !”

TRUST TO THE FUTURE.

By T. B. White. — Tune, "Chant," p. 249 "Psalms of Life."

TRUST to the future, though gloomy and cheerless
 Prowls the dark past like a shade at thy back ;
 Look not behind thee ; be hopeful and fearless ;
 Steer for the right way, and keep to the track !
 Fling off despair, it hath strength like a giant ;
 Shoulder thy purpose, and, boldly defiant,
 Save to the right stand unmoved and unpliant !
 Faith and God's promise the brave never lack.

- 2 Trust to the future ; the present may fright thee,
 Scowling so fearfully close at thy side ;
 Face it unmoved, and no present can blight thee ;
 He who stands boldly each blast shall abide.
 Never a storm but the tainted air needs it,
 Never a storm but the sunshine succeeds it ;
 Each has a lesson, and he alone reads it
 Rightly, who takes it and makes it his guide.
- 3 Trust to the future ; it stands like an angel,
 Waiting to lead thee, to bless, and to cheer ;
 Singing of hope like some blessed evangel,
 Luring thee on to a brighter career.
 Why should the past or the present oppress thee ?
 Stamp on their coils, for, with arms to caress thee,
 See, the great future stands yearning to bless thee ;
 Press boldly forward, nor yield to a fear !
- 4 Trust to the future ; it will not deceive thee,
 So thou but meet it with brave heart and strong ;
 Now begin living anew, and, believe me,
 Gladness and triumph will follow ere long.
 Never a night but there cometh a morrow,
 Never a grief but the hopeful will borrow
 Something of gladness to lighten the sorrow ;
 Life unto such is a conqueror's song.

- 5 Trust to the future, then cease from your weeping ;
 Faith and a firm heart are all that you need ;
 God and his angels have yet in their keeping
 Harvests of joy, if we'll sow but the seed !
 Trust to the future, all life will be glorious ;
 Trust, for in trusting the soul is victorious ;
 Trust, and in trusting be strong and laborious ;
 Up and be doing, and give God the meed !

TO MY DEAR, ABSENT HUSBAND.

From real Correspondence. — By Mrs. Sarah A. Coonley.

- A**RT not weary of thy wandering ?
 Has a home no charms for thee ?
 Shall we meet again, dear Levi,
 Meet with joy from sorrow free ?
- 2 Mingled hours of bliss and sorrow
 It has been our lot to share ;
 Let us from the Giver borrow
 Strength each burden still to bear !
- 3 Can our souls in blissful union,
 Converse hold when far away ?
 Yes ! the spirit's sweet communion
 Blends with thine, love, day by day.
- 4 Angel-watchers, view the tear-drops
 Glistening in my moistened eye ;
 Bear to him these burning kisses
 Freighted with love's teeming sigh !
- 5 Tell him, O ye tender guardians,
 How I watch, and weep, and pray ;
 Tell my loved one how I cherish,
 Love undying, day by day.
- 6 Bear to him this heart I gave him ;
 Let no secret there be mine ;
 Tell him, bright celestial spirits,
 What redeeming graces shine.

- 7 Go to him with gentle whispers,
When thou see'st him sad and lone,
Tell him of my deep devotion ;
Speak the love he ne'er has known.
- 8 Hie thee ! my sad heart is weary ;
Haste ! I cannot brook delay ;
Tell my dear one when thou see'st him,
All thou know'st this heart would say !
- 9 Tell him I the birdies cherish,
Knowing he doth love them well !
Tell him how upon his likeness
I with fond emotions dwell.
- 10 Come at midnight to my dwelling ;
Bear a message from my love !
Does he cherish like emotions ?
Faithful, loving as my dove ?
- 11 Thanks, O many thanks, I render,
Tender heralds kind and true ;
Gently shed a pitying tear-drop
For the errors thou dost view !
- 12 Good-night, dearest ; in blest visions
I will press thee to my heart ;
Sweetly resting till the morrow
Bids the phantom-bliss depart !

GOOD-MORNING.

OH, I am *so* happy ! ” the little girl said,
As she sprang like a lark from her low trundle-bed ;
“ ’Tis morning, bright morning ! Good-morning, papa !
Oh, give me one kiss for good-morning, mamma !
Only just look at my pretty canary,
Chirping his sweet ‘ Good-morning to Mary ! ’
The sunshine is peeping straight into my eyes,
Good-morning to you, Mister Sun, — for you rise
Early, to wake up my birdie and me,
And make us as happy as happy can be ! ”

“ Happy you may be, my dear little girl ! ”
And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl, —
“ Happy you can be ; but think of the One
Who wakened, this morning, both you and the sun ! ”
The little girl turned her bright eyes with a nod,
“ Mamma, may I say, then, ‘ Good-morning ’ to God ? ”
“ Yes, little darling one, surely you may, —
Kneel as you kneel every morning to pray ! ”

- 3 Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes
Looking up earnestly into the skies ;
And two little hands that were folded together,
Softly she laid on the lap of her mother, —
“ Good-morning, dear Father in heaven,” she said ;
“ I thank thee for watching my snug little bed ;
For taking good care of me all the dark night,
And waking me up with the beautiful light ! ”

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The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is argued that the study of the history of the English language is not only a matter of academic interest, but also a matter of practical importance. The study of the history of the English language can help us to understand the development of the English language and to see how it has changed over time. It can also help us to understand the relationship between the English language and other languages, and to see how the English language has been influenced by other languages. The study of the history of the English language can also help us to understand the development of the English language in different parts of the world, and to see how it has been influenced by the culture and society of those parts of the world.

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